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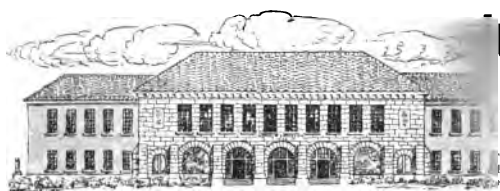
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followed or preceded him, as the orations still remaining are allowed to prove. Though Demosthenes has been accused of accepting Persian gold, he seems to have used his extraordinary influence well. He declared himself, in strong terms, against the prevailing follies of his countrymen—he reproached them with their fickleness, faithlessness, and want of true regard to the publick interest. He exclaimed against their vanity, in attributing to themselves the merit of their ancestors, and fancying that the reputation of the ancient Athenians would support the vices of their posterity. He expatiated on the necessity of renewing the old method of making war, by maintaining an army of free citizens, not of mercenaries, and taking care of their naval affairs. He exhorted them to keep on good terms with Persia, which, no longer expecting to conquer them, desired to preserve the separate states in independence. Above all, he cautioned them against the growing power of Macedon, where now the danger lay, and to distrust the professions of friendship they thence received.

Philip had taken occasion of the Phocian or Sacred War, which we have mentioned elsewhere, to march his forces into Greece. It was on this occasion, Demosthenes delivered the first of those famous orations, termed Philippic, considered to be unequalled in their kind. In this he proved to the Athenians, that Philip's purpose was to make himself sovereign of Greece: and though he might call them allies, they must be his subjects. If they trusted any longer to expedients, they would be ruined, because his power grew while theirs declined; whereas, if they would make vigorous war against the Macedon, he might yet be vanquished. The Athenians listened and assented, but did not act. They had no generals, and probably no means of war. Phocion was the only man of note among them, and he opposed Demosthenes' opinions, and wished to cultivate the friendship of Philip. He, too, was an orator; but his words were few, and his counsels mild: he accepted

of their idol. For "the earth will be the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

(Conclusion.)

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

CHAUCEER.

IN connexion with the late subjects of our biography, the reformers of the thirteenth century, we have met with the following notice of the poet Chaucer; identifying him, by the testimony of his contemporaries, with the followers of Wickliffe, though not participating in their disgraces. We are glad of the opportunity to introduce a name of so much notoriety, on account of his being the father of English poetry; and I believe the oldest writer in English, whose works are still commonly current among us. Written before the invention of printing, Chaucer's poems were among the first works that issued from the press in England. Few of our readers are likely to peruse them now; but the character of such an author and of his productions must ever be a subject of curiosity. The influence they are said to have had over the publick mind at the period, brings them in close connection with our present subjects. Notice is thus taken of Chaucer by an old writer—

"As touching the time of Chaucer, by his own works in the end of his first book of Troilus and Creside, it is manifest, that he and Gower were both of one time, although it seemeth that Gower was a great deal his ancient; both notably learned, as the barbarous rudeness of that time did give; both great friends together, and both in like kind of study together occupied; so endeavouring themselves and employing their time, that they, excelling many others in study and exercise of good letters, did pass forth their lives here right worshipfully

point out more directly the pope with his prelates to be Antichrist, than the poor Pelican reasoning against the Griffin? Under which hypotyposis or poesy, who is so blind that seeth not by the Pelican, the doctrine of Christ, and of the Lollards, to be defended against the Church of Rome? Or who is so impudent that can deny that to be true, which the Pelican there affirmeth in describing the presumptuous pride of that pretended church? Again, what egg can be more like, or fig unto another, than the words, properties, and conditions of that ravening Griffin resembleth the true image, that is, the nature and qualities of that which we call the Church of Rome, in every point and degree? And therefore no great marvail, if that narration was exempted out of the copies of Chaucer's works; which, notwithstanding, now is restored again, and is extant for every man to read that is disposed."

"This Geoffrey Chaucer being born, as is thought, in Oxfordshire, and dwelling in Woodstock, lieth buried in the church of the minster of St. Peter, at Westminster, in an aisle on the south side of the said church, not far from the door leading to the cloister."

Later biographers consider Chaucer to have been born in 1328, and to have died at the age of 72, Oct. 25, 1400, as stated on his tombstone. Also that he was born in London, as he calls himself, in some of his works, a Londenois. Very little is known of his life; it is on record that Edward III. granted him an annuity, and at different times various other grants and employments; among the rest there is a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily. In the reign of Richard II. he forfeited his offices by being engaged in the city riots. In the same reign, and again in Henry IV. there are grants to him of money and wine. Whether these grants were the rewards of poetic genius, or of other services, we are not informed.

The particular poems referred to above, in proof of Chaucer's religious opinions, we have not seen; but the



in any thing but French was reputed vulgar. "The children who were put to learn Latin were under a necessity of learning French at the same time, as it was the constant practice in all schools, from the Conquest till about the reign of Edward III., to make the scholars construe their Latin lessons into French." There are some curious remarks upon this subject, from writers of that period: we have altered the spelling, as they are difficult to make out, but retained the words. "This appearing of the birth tongue is by cause of two things: one is for that children in school, against the usage and manner of all other nations, be compelled for to leave their own language, and for to construe their lessons and other things in French; and have since that the Normans came first to England. Also gentlemen's children be taught for to speak French, from the time that they be rocked in the cradle, and can speak and play with a child's broche. And uplandish men would liken themselves to gentlemen, and are fond with great business to speak French, for to be the more told of."

In the time of Richard II. we have the following notice of a change in this practice. "John Cornwall, a master of grammar, changed the lore in grammar school, and construction of French into English, and Richard Pencriche learned that manner of teaching of him; and other men of Pencriche. So that now, the year of our Lord a thousand three hundred fourscore and five, of the second king Richard, after the Conquest nine, in all the grammar schools of England children leaveth French, and construeth and learneth in English, and have thereby advantage in one side, and disadvantage in another. Their advantage is, that they learn their grammar in less time than children used to do. Disadvantage is, that now children of grammar school know no more French than can their left heel. And that is harm for them, if they should pass the sea and travel in strange lands, and many other places also. Also gentlemen have now much left for to teach their children French."



tians love to hear. But the days of course had been occupied with a variety of things. The younger part of the family were engaged every hour about some matter of their education, some healthful exercise, or innocent recreation. The father was abroad upon business of a thousand kinds, and the mother engaged with business of as many kinds at home. Of course they had all their hours of private recollection, perhaps at day-break or at midnight—but as far as could be perceived, the hours of family prayer were the only periods of cessation from secular affairs. Such just importance was attached to the value of time in their house, that to have been idle would have been felt a disgrace to the youngest of its members: and it is much to say that every thing I saw them employed about became their age, and the several duties of their station.

Saturday passed like other days, and I heard no one remark that to-morrow would be Sunday. Perhaps it was not extraordinary that what happens every week should not be remarked upon: but I am so much in the habit of saying to myself ten times in the day, to-morrow will be Sunday, I seemed to miss the remark; and no moment occurred in all the day, in which to have said it myself would not have seemed foreign to the purpose.

When I waked on the Sunday morning, though the wonted sounds without the house were hushed, the sounds within were just the same as usual—us much brushing and banging and dusting, and all the movements that denote business and activity renewed. The people came down the same, and the breakfast passed the same, and nobody said, It is Sunday. So much like another day did it feel, that to re-assure myself of its really being the holy day, I asked at what time the service began. "O, at eleven o'clock," said Maria, jumping up hastily, "is it time?" and all were off to prepare themselves. They went all to church, and from their manner there I believe their hearts went with

friend if she allowed her children in the
ments on Sunday, as on other days. She
that she did—their amusements were pe
I continued, “And you do not wish to
vants’ labour on this day?” She replied
do outrage to their feelings in anything
and wish them to go to church—and
their work on Saturday, they might—
not think it of any consequence.”
said, “what it is you mean. I know
against your conscience for any co
have always supposed your affec
Tell me why you do not keep the
pointed.” She answered, “If I be
I should keep them certainly: and
before men, I do in some sort obs
is an ordinance of our country,
good. It was a part of the mor
men had no better rule to live t
fluence of spiritual religion, I e
and righteously before God e
children never to forget, and
think we are now under a di
may enjoy the freedom that t
shackling ourselves with ordi
darker and a sadder day.”
will excuse my words—but y
Of course I am acquainted
about the abrogation of the
to speak of it at all—for if i
the law of the two tables pe
tion they belonged to, you
yourself from a single ot
them. Nay, with the oth
persuaded, you would be
seems very strange to me
rid of this. Is it so on
day in seven to the pecu



the servants. Then the Sunday-books and were surrendered, and in half an hour all again.

The elder party remained together; sacred the proposed amusement; every one who had play, however imperfectly, was to do her part together for their own pleasure; and those sang apart for the pleasure of the rest. At the table if any one liked to read; but no lay there always. Prayers were as usual,

Here are three patterns for making readers can choose between them.

INTRODUCTION

TO A

SERIES OF ESSAYS ON THE ARCHITECTURE

OF the wisdom and goodness of works of nature we have taken notice. We have desired to turn the thitherward, because we would more intimate acquaintance with works, and the secret machine have not exhausted our subject. Some parts of our nature course; others, if occasion a renewed; and new ones will them. But, for the sake of variety at present to forego our botanical place with plates illustrating

We have spoken of God beautiful indeed it is to compare productions of nature, with help from man. As if to



MRS. L.—I mentioned it as a common name for those masses of rock, that are evidently made up of the broken pieces of the adjacent Strata, and cemented by time and circumstance into a solid mass. Of course they are infinitely various, according to what they are compounded of; and may be known by this admixture—the effect is often beautiful. *Fig. 8.* is a small specimen of the Bristol Breccia on the banks of the Avon, mentioned above, which may give you an idea of what is meant by the term. Of the crystals of Carbonate of Lime, we have already spoken—they constitute those beautiful spars which abound at Bristol. Calcareous Spar is the more common appellation.

ANNE.—I have often found myself mistaking the Calcareous Spar for Quartz Crystal; is there not some resemblance?

MRS. L.—Use the point of your knife, and you may instantly decide between them. The Carbonate of Lime will receive the scratch—the Quartz will not.

ANNE.—Here is one other unexplained word. I think we have not seen a Graphite.

MRS. L.—It is a bivalve shell of unequal valves. Here is one, firmly seated in a mass of Lias, *Fig. 9.* You will remember that all these fossils belong to other substances dispersed among the beds of Red Marle; itself containing no organic remains. Mr. Conybeare thus speaks of it:—"I forbear to speculate on the probability, that the whole extent of the Red Marle was produced by the degradation of the rocks which have left their fragments still imbedded in its mass. The total absence of those organic remains, which occur so abundantly in the Strata immediately below as well as above, and the general want of consolidation in its various and heterogeneous beds, certainly argue that its formation took place under different circumstances, and by a different process of the subjacent Slate and Limestone, or the superincumbent Lias."

pal are that in the Persian gulf, near the island of Bahrein, and that on the coast of FINEVELLY in Eastern Hindostan.

MAMA.—I have often thought that if ladies of sensibility were aware what sufferings are endured, and what a waste of human life is incurred in the pearl fisheries, they could never wear pearls with comfort.

ANNA.—Are they not picked up by divers, Mama?

MAMA.—Yes, my dear; but only think what diving is. The poor creatures, who are generally Negroes, or the very lowest of the people, are taken out in boats to the places where the shells are to be found, and are there let down by ropes into the ocean, with a large net fastened to their necks, and a great stone, of perhaps fifty pounds weight, tied to their great toe, to accelerate their descent. There they remain, holding in their breath for half an hour, or sometimes more, in danger every moment of perishing by suffocation, or of being devoured by sharks. When they have filled their net, they make a signal; on which the net is first drawn up, and then the diver. But their dangers and sufferings in the water are not all; for the pressure of the air upon their lungs universally causes them to raise blood; so that although the most robust and healthy young men are chosen for this employment, they seldom survive it above five or six years; for even if they are so fortunate as to escape death in the ocean, at the end of that time they usually fall victims to consumption.

PAPA.—It is lamentable to think how many of our fellow-creatures are annually sacrificed in various ways, merely to gratify avarice and vanity.

HENRY.—Very few of the Mollusca appear to have the power of motion.

PAPA.—Most of the testaceous Mollusca have, by means of a muscular appendix called the foot, which they can protrude or retract at pleasure; and which, when they design to move, they fasten in the sand or to rocks, and by drawing their body up to it, make a slow pro-

And heard at last the expected one was con-
 Or ask we it of him, who forty years
 From Egypt's bondage to the promised land
 Travel'd a weary and a desert path—
 Had seen full many a one who had come
 From Egypt with him, perish by the way
 And some, perhaps, whom he had loved,
 The God that led them for an idol's shri
 And felt, perhaps, ah! many and many
 And many a dark and agonizing doubt,
 Lest he too should forsake him, and fo
 For some base lust that land invisible—
 Or in yet darker moments, hap'ly dov
 If He they trusted had not mock'd th
 With promises of visionary bliss?
 O when he stood at last, upon that n
 And saw it all—saw all that love he
 Or faith believ'd, or longing fancy;
 Did he—or did Elijah, when he ro
 To Heaven on his chariot wheels,
 And cast his mantle from him—a
 Of earth, and needed now no lon
 Say, did they look behind them?
 More time to wait and wander f

No—the advancing waves he
 And buried all that might have
 Sunk is the freighted vessel, a
 Of treasured happiness for fut
 The bosom's chosen and mos
 And sunk, the rocks it struck
 Time has worn out and loos
 The iron fetter and the gold
 Now wherefore should the
 To quit a being that it det
 And pass a barrier it has
 And not the wand'ring Isr
 On Horeb, and beheld th
 And not Elisha, who asc
 The heavens open to rec
 The forfeit of mortality
 E'er look'd upon a scen
 So welcome, so enchan
 The parting spirit's im
 The longings of the st



him. Over all inferior creatures the right was given; and men may make laws about them as they like, provided they contravene not the previous laws of God. But in each other, no such right was ever given, nor can it, by all the laws in the world, be ever acquired—for who is to bestow what God has bestowed on none? Instead, therefore, of being judged as master and slave, is it not more likely they will stand before God as equal beings, of whom one has to charge the other with all the misery, and great part of the sin, that pertained to the condition in which he was unjustly placed?

We are persuaded that the greater number of slave proprietors now, are humane, and compassionate, and feeling men. If they had only as much respect for the laws of God as they have for the laws of humanity, we should very soon see the abolition of slavery. But while the latter is the rule of right, there is a long account to cast—their loss of property has to be weighed against the negro's loss of liberty—his freedom has to be measured against their ruin—by some sacrifices on his part the bondage may be made tolerable, and so the loss be divided—and this calculation on the score of humanity is fair—because no man is required to love his neighbour better than himself. But let the reference be made to God's holy law by a heart that loves it, and slavery be proved a sin to the heart that hates it, and the account is balanced at once—for it is all to nothing. Property, interest, loss, and ruin, are nothing to the believer when put in competition with the will of God. He would rather risk them all, than continue a practice offensive in his sight. On no ground but this do we believe the proprietor will ever *consent* to emancipate his slaves—whether he can ever be forced to do it by those who cast the balance for him, we are not politicians enough to know. But we believe most firmly, that if man will not abolish slavery, the insulted majesty of Heaven will do it for him.

upon Demosthenes broke into a louder lamentation than ever, crying "Alas! how shall I support myself under so heavy an affliction, since I am forced to leave a city where one's very enemies are more kind and generous than any friends I can hope to find elsewhere." His love for his country made him bear his exile but very indifferently; the greatest part of it he spent in Egina or Trœzine, whence he could see the coast of Attica, towards which he would frequently look with tears in his eyes. When Leosthenes led the Greeks against Antipater, and endeavoured to prevent slavery from being introduced by all the commanders of Alexander, Demosthenes exerted his eloquence again, and was indefatigable in stirring up all the little states to remain firm in their confederacy for supporting Grecian liberty. Among the rest, he travelled to the Arcadians, among whom one Pytheus, an agent of the Macedonians, was very busy; this man seeing the Athenian ambassadors and Demosthenes with them at a publick assembly, cried out, "That as it is a certain sign there is some disease in the family where asses' milk is brought, so the coming of the Athenian embassy was a never-failing indication, that the city to which they came was indisposed." Demosthenes immediately retorted this comparison. "As asses' milk," said he, "is never carried into a house but with an intent to restore the health of those that dwell therein; so the Athenians never send their ambassadors to any city, but with the view to cure it of those distempers with which it is afflicted." On the report of this, the Athenians recalled him, found means to satisfy his fine, and paid him the highest honours they could invent. His prosperity was short. In September, the Greeks lost the battle of Cranon—in October, the Macedonian garrison entered Athens—in November, Demosthenes fled to avoid death, which followed, and overtook him the same month. One Archias, a player, having undertaken for Antipater to find him out, and hearing he had taken refuge in the temple of Neptune, in the little island of

The history of Athens becomes henceforth very little interesting. In the year B.C. 307, we find the successors of Alexander contending for possession of the city, alternately subjecting and freeing it, according as Cassander or Antigonus happened to prevail; whilst Athens itself stood disgraced by the most abject compliances and adulations to the conqueror; at one time erecting, as is asserted, three hundred statutes in honour of one man, and immediately after pursuing him to death, in compliance with an opposing party. Demetrius governed the city for a short space of a time, and did essential service to the people; but in the reverses of his fortune elsewhere, the Athenians turned against him, and refused him admittance into their city. Demetrius forced an entrance, ordered the citizens to be assembled in the theatre, and surrounded it with soldiers. The people expected every moment the signal of slaughter in punishment of their treachery. Demetrius appeared on the stage, gently reproached them with their ingratitude, and offered to receive them again into favour. So long as he remained king of Macedon, he was again plied with flattery and submission, and again expelled when he ceased to be so.

While Lysimachus, Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Sosthenes reigned by turns in Macedonia, Athens continued free; but without making any figure in history. When the Gauls, under the command of Brennus, threatened the destruction of the Greeks in general, the Athenians for a short time evinced something of their former magnanimity, under their general, Calippus. But these were the brief revivals of departing glory. The Achæan league, of which we are about to give the history, revived for a short space the spirit of liberty in Greece, by the character and genius of the renowned Aratus, under whose protection Athens was declared entirely free, 252 years before the birth of Christ. It is here that Athenian history generally closes; but we prefer slightly to pass through the remaining two centuries and a half that pre-

habitants of Attica, who had been likewise enriched with the gifts of Ceres, signalized their gratitude to this goddess, by instituting three festivals in her honour. Of these the first was called Proerosia, because it preceded the ploughing-time and the seed-time. On this occasion, the Athenians, who celebrated this festival in the name of all the Greeks, offered a great many victims, in hopes of obtaining a plentiful harvest. The second festival was called Thesmophoria; this word alluding to the worship which was payed to Ceres as a law-giver. Plutarch and Diodorus Siculus tell us, that the same ceremonies were performed on this occasion in honour of Ceres, as were practised by the Egyptians in the mysteries of Isis. The celebration of this festival lasted five days, and each day the women of the ten tribes, of which the republic of Athens consisted, chose one from among themselves to preside over the ceremonies that were practised at this solemnity. The victims were offered by a priest, who officiated with a crown on his head, whence he was called Stephanophorus. Such women as had had three talents to their portion, were entitled to demand of their husbands the necessary sums for the expenses of the sacrifices; every one being obliged to contribute to them according to their ability.

All the women who were to assist at the ceremonies being assembled in one place, they went in procession from Athens to Eleusis, a small city in that neighbourhood, singing hymns in honour of the goddess, and carrying the books, which contained the secret mysteries of the solemnity, and the laws for which Attica was indebted to Ceres. But this deposition was entrusted only to those who were of unblemished character and famous for their virtue. A certain number of young women were brought up at the expense of the publick, and with all imaginable care, in order to be employed in this office, and in the other ceremonies performed at Eleusis. These were always kept confined in the Thesmophorion, a public building in Athens appropriated to that use, and



neither. It is some elevation of rank, or increase of wealth, or ease of circumstance, or freedom from constraint, or security at least in what we possess, which we are determined upon having before we will be happy, or think of enjoying ourselves at all. This God has promised to no one. He has promised all that is necessary and all that is good, granted from day to day as it is needed: but he has never guaranteed to man the possession of anything he has, nor ever pledged himself to alter and increase it to the point at which he will consent to be happy. Man therefore must take the venture on his own account. For twenty, thirty, fifty years, the quiet possession of the little, or often the much that he possesses, is bartered for anxious pursuit of what he desires. From day to day he finds not only his wants supplied, but every reasonable desire gratified—yet he tells you he cannot be happy or enjoy himself, because the future is not provided for; he is not sure how long the supply may last; and his fretful cares, and anxious speculations verify his words; proving that in fact he is not happy, and does not enjoy what is his, because he has no security of its continuance—no independence, as he calls it. At fifty, at sixty it may be that the independence comes; the sufficiency he has had through all those years, but would not enjoy because he was not sure of it, is now his own—and he may enjoy it with a quiet mind. How wise! The time is out. He has no years to enjoy it in. Had he trusted providence for the future, and been contented with the present, from the beginning, he had been happy all those many years: but he chose to defer his enjoyment till he could secure it for himself, or augment it to his liking. Behold him in his long desired independency, or hardly earned security. Methinks he looks in his abundance like one who has sate cold and naked through the winter months, broidering the woollen garment which he finishes when the sun has reached the tropic.

need not be made a party to the speculation. If the business of settling a daughter must be planned and carried on by her parents, surely the simplicity of youthful feeling need not be converted into a system of deliberate design, by teaching a girl from her childhood, that the wreck of all her happiness, the mortification of her parents, if not the loss of their affections, will attend the failure of their expectations. But, perhaps, I had better go on with my story.

Janet was handsome—she might be said to be elegant—but she was decidedly *maniérée*. Her mind was well-informed and sensible—but there was an air of intention in every thing she said, that chills at once the careless flow of conversation; warning every body, as it were, to keep under arms; though of mischievous or unkind intentions, Janet was incapable. Janet was neither forward nor self-confident; nor should I say she thought too highly of herself; but still there was a perpetual looking out for observation; an expectation to be noticed; or perhaps a watchful speculation as to who would notice her and who would not, which a good-natured world easily construes into a desire for admiration. Janet's conduct was marked by the most undeviating propriety; she knew to say precisely the right thing to the right person. I do not know that she ever said what she did not mean; but it was always apparent that she said the thing because she was addressing my lord B. or because she was answering to Mrs. D. or because she remembered herself to be Janet Bevoir, and not because her heart at the moment suggested the words. In short the opinion generally given of Janet in society, was that she was a pretty, genteel girl, and rather clever; but she thought too much of herself, and had no heart. Had this been true, poor Janet had been happier than she was. She had feelings of more than common sensibility: but, the simplicity of her heart destroyed, its susceptibility remained only as a torment to itself, within reach of every body and every thing to wound. Hitherto her

could not look upon another without making comparison; and thence she became jealous and disposed to envy.

Alas! poor Janet! a rugged and thorny way to her was the path of fashionable prosperity. I did not see her again for ten years. I know not what befel her in the interval, but I will describe her as I found her then. She had become what we call a religious woman—that is to say, she had given up the habits and amusements of fashionable life, and devoted herself to serious and religious pursuits. I am inclined to think the principle of piety really existed in her bosom—but there was no simplicity in her heart. Janet was acting still, though in a different character and before a different audience. I do not say that she was deceitful or a hypocrite—she had not been that at any time—but there was the same desire for effect, the same calculation on other people's opinion of her, the same consciousness of observation, the same perpetual reverting upon her own words and deeds—not simply as they appeared before God—that had been good—but as to the impression they had made on others. The effect of this want of simplicity on her actions, was to produce a great deal of instability; changing her purposes and opinions, as one motive or another, one design or another, happened to predominate; wanting the simple one of love and obedience to God. It led her into all sorts of undertakings, without regard to her capacity and fitness for them, and bitter mortification when she failed. It led her to fantastic peculiarities of dress and manner at one time, and to sinful compliance with fashion at another; to produce what she thought a good effect, it is true—but still an effect. She went to certain places that it might be said she was there. She was the devoted disciple of every new preacher till his popularity was past, or there came a newer; and then she was converted and enlightened over again. On her feelings the effect was as intensely miserable, as the subjects of them had become important. Professing to trust the Saviour for every thing

pride? Can the practiced heart unlearn its doubleness, and become single? Ten years later I saw Janet Bevoir again. Much had happened in that time. A reverse of fortune had deprived her of the means of distinction. Some extravagances of doctrine and palpable inconsistencies of conduct, had brought her religion into doubt, in the circle on whose opinions she had lived. Sickness, painful, lingering sickness had sent her to her chamber to commune with her own heart in solitude and silence. There Janet could not act—there Janet had no audience but her God. There for the first time in her life, Janet found herself unobserved and forgotten—and for many a long month had nothing to do but to unclothe herself of the subterfuges of sin, and the disguises of self, and stand unmasked and single before herself, as she stood before her God—an infant, guileless, helpless, naked. And there she first forgot that she was Janet Bevoir—the expected, distinguished, disappointed Janet Bevoir: and saw in herself nothing but a reconciled child of God, the purchase of the Redeemer's blood, bought with a price, and her own no longer. When I saw her, she had recovered and returned to society. But how altered! Janet was simple now in every thing, because her heart was simple. It was filled with one thought, one hope, one love—or if there were any other, they were merged in this, as the stars of heaven in the morning sunbeam. It was impelled by one motive, guided by one law, and animated by one reward. Janet saw too intently now the eye of God upon her, to consider who else observed her. Janet was too busy in approving herself honest before God, to hear what others said, or enquire what others thought. Her eye was upon herself, indeed, but it was upon that secret self that none can see beside. And now Janet's manners were simple, and her words were simple—they could not be otherwise—she meant no effect, and looked out for none—she had no intention but to do right and to speak truth—it did not signify who heard it or who saw it. Janet had one Judge,

of man himself in savage barbarism, and trace his progress thence to the refinement of civilized society and mental cultivation. These are indeed the only circumstances in which we have an opportunity of observing him. Of every separate nation with whose early history we are acquainted, this has been the picture placed before us. Philosophy, disregarding the Scripture testimony of man's beginning, has thence learned to speak of brutal ignorance and savage nakedness as his natural condition, improved by his own powers to a superior state of being. Habit has so accustomed us to this idea, it often exists in our minds as an unquestioned reality. How man, from a savage became a civilized and intellectual being, is an object of continual speculation and enquiry. How man, from the state of perfection in which he was first created, became a savage, scarcely excites any reflection, though it is a question in itself equally curious. Unless we knew this—unless we knew the extent of his knowledge and powers *before* he was a savage, how, and how much he lost of them, and how much, if any thing, of his after acquirements were the result of memory and tradition, it is impossible for us to be sure what was the real origin of any one of the more ancient arts.

I cannot indeed agree with those who think that the first man, when, without the progressive steps from infancy to manhood, he came forth in the likeness of God, endowed and perfect from the hands of his Creator, must have been perfect in knowledge as in virtue. His intellectual capacity might be far beyond what it is now—the path to knowledge might be open before him, without the impediments of blindness and prejudice that now impede our progress—and yet it might be left to time and study to apply his capacity of learning to the things that were about him to be learned; and his faculties might wait to be developed, till circumstances and increasing desires called them forth. And as we know not what degree of knowledge man intuitively possessed,

to build with stone, and the inhabitants of
with wood, as the Greenlander with ice and
ture were the only suggester of the work. Vi
the following sketch of the origin of regula

“Anciently men lived in woods, and in
but in time, taking example perhaps fr
with great industry build their nests, th
selves huts. At first they made these
bably, of a conic figure, because that is
simplest structure; and like the birds,
tated, composed them of branches of
them wide at the bottom, and joining
the top, covering the whole with reed
to screen them from tempests and
the conic figure inconvenient on a
sides, they changed the form of the
cubical figure, and building them
ner. Having marked out the space
hut, they fixed in the ground sev
trees to form the sides; filling
them with branches closely inter
clay. The sides being thus cor
were placed on the upright t
joined at the angles, kept the
served to support the coverin
composed of many joists, on
of reeds, leaves, and clay. I
in the art of building, and in
lasting and handsome as we
off the bark of the trees that
probably, above the dirt
covered each of them wi
off the rain. The space
were closed with clay,
and the end of the joist
the manner of triglyph
likewise altered; for t
fit to throw off the r



HENRY.—The *sepia*, I believe, has no external shell.

PAPA.—No: it has not. The most remarkable thing respecting it is, the power it has of rendering the water turbid and bitter, and thereby of driving off its enemies, by the emission of an inky fluid.

“The endanger’d cuttle thus evades his fears,
And native hoards of fluid safely bears,
A pitchy ink peculiar glands supply,
Whose shades the sharpest beam of light defy.
Pursued, he bids the sable fountain flow,
And, wrapt in clouds, eludes th’ impending foe.”

This inky matter, when removed and dried, forms the colour called *sepia* by the painters. Indian ink is also thought to be a substance of the same kind.

ANNA.—What is that white, bony substance, which we frequently see in apothecaries’ shops, and which they call cuttle fish?

PAPA.—It is a strong bone which strengthens the body of the animal. This bone, which, on account of its lightness, is sometimes called sea foam, or sea biscuit, is of considerable use. When dried and pulverized, it is employed by silversmiths to form the moulds in which they cast their small work, such as spoons, rings, &c. and it is also converted into that useful article of stationery called pounce.

There is one tribe of animals more belonging to this order, the Argonauts, or Nautili, which have for ages been objects of curious attention.

ANNA.—O! you mean the pretty sailing fish that first taught mankind the art of navigation. There is the shell of one in the cabinet I think; I have often admired it.

PAPA.—There are the shells of several species of Nautili in the cabinet. I am not quite sure, Anna, that this animal has a just claim to the honour you impute to it. It is, however, a very curious creature; the paper Nautilus especially; and may, for aught I know, have suggested the idea of sails; for when it moves on

A FEW REMARKS
ON THE
DEVOTIONAL READING OF THE HOLY
SCRIPTURES.

SECTION THE FIRST.
ON THE IMPORTANCE OF READING THE SCRIPTURES.

*Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have
eternal life.*

IF we seem to be taking up a subject which abler hands than ours have already fully treated, leaving nothing more to be desired for youth or age to assist them in the perusal of the sacred Text, it is not done in the spirit of presumption, affecting to surpass or supersede what others have written. We have been very frequently questioned upon this subject by the inexperienced in religion; and we have had ample occasion, under every variety of circumstance, to make experiment of it. What we intend is not a speculative treatise, or the setting forth of any new and superior method of reading. It is merely to drop for others a few brief hints of what has been essentially useful to ourselves: and though it should appear, as it probably will, that all we say has been said many times and better, still if it prove a lamp on the path of any one who needs it, our purpose is accomplished. We do not write for fame and the praise of 'originality'—or any praise, but that of having used our time and talents to the use for which they were committed to us. It is so many years since any of the excellent books that have been written on the Reading of the Scriptures have been in our hands, and the plans and directions contained in them have so entirely passed from our memory, we cannot have a purpose of imitation, neither of dissention from any. Of the

no perception of being wiser, or better, or happier when they lay it down—nay, they had not the least expectation of being so when they took it up. Unless, indeed, it be a sort of charm, which I truly believe some unreflecting persons think the Bible has on them, that without the least attention to its meaning, will make them very good, and transport them into heaven.

Whether, within the circulation of our papers, there be any such insensible perusers of God's written word, we might have been inclined to doubt, and have passed them unadmonished, had not observation led us to believe there are—particularly among our younger friends. They have been brought to the habit in their childhood; and their judgment and principles assenting to it as good, they purpose in their maturity to continue it, as a religious duty.

Our intended observations on the manner of studying the Scriptures, are not intended for readers of this character; but rather for those, who, with an honest and devoted heart, as yet inexperienced and desirous of advice, go to them as the most important of all human studies. But these will excuse us, if, in this introductory chapter, we dwell on a point to them unnecessary, in the hope of awakening the other class to some interest in what may follow, and convincing them, that of the very practice they so assiduously adhere to, they are as yet unconscious of the vital importance.

The sense of duty apart—that sort of traditionary or hereditary sense of duty which they have received from their parents—the importance attached to the reading of the Scriptures by the unawakened heart, is very little more than in the perusal of other books. Some curiosity respecting the historic relations—some enjoyment of the poetic beauties—perhaps, though I believe not often, some desire of gaining from it a rule of moral conduct. I say not often, because if an enquirer desires information, he will abide by the answer he receives—therefore if I see one peruse a chapter that prescribes a line of

they are uneasy—they have read in the hope that the comment rests than the text—they apply honestly adopt any scheme that for the more efficient perusal it is a cold, mechanic process pleasure, and return from it that others find it not thus, are ed within them, by reason of To such we would greatly little we may be enabled to deep—it can be reached by ing—it lies at the heart's what the judgment assents what yet it does not value is to ask of Heaven to unc the willing heart, and the thing is to persevere, ste against all unwillingness ing the yet lifeless and oftener than by any other unlocked, and the Spirit veyed into the bosom. vey but temporary and indeed would our labor

There cannot be a scarcely seem to need of the heart of man, to reading or hearing re whence it comes—the contents—the immen of; the destiny, not of not of the universe in but of the individual whoever he may be hallowed pages—the —the tremendous izing revelation the



let those who know nothing of all this, hearted, ceremonial readings, judge what in themselves must not be the cause of absence of feeling, towards that which concerns

We know that it is not necessary pious spirit of the importance of reading God. Yet even to these, in the first of feeling, we would suggest it early Scripture their study, in preference to religious book ; and particularly while agitated and their opinions unsettled. we are most disposed to leave it, as where. We fancy we cannot understand God ; we ask any body and every about the points that agitate us. volume, and argument upon argument I believe, if the feeling were as that the Bible be taken from us, deprived of the preacher who expounds we can afford each other, an established by God himself for stages he never meant we should be too weak to do without the aids would be to set at naught. Still I do not hesitate much sooner come at a right and acquire steadiness in our conduct, if we listened more we took our doubts, and came as they arise, to the Holy Spirit, accompanied with instant prayer of flying to the first book, which has been written on the subject of inspiration is simple, of heaven, becomes confused by conflicting arguments, devising, beyond the power to unravel. The essence

many fine edifices in England are built. Many rare and curious shells, insects, plants, and fossils are also found there. Bur island, and a small island off the Hamorye, are situated on the coast of Devon. The Isle of Looe is also very small, and St. Michael's mount would claim no attention but for its beautiful ruins, and its being the scene of Milton's sublime apostrophe to the angel in Lycidas. It produces some very pretty white crystals, and has been thought by some to have been formerly a part of the land. This idea is favoured by some relics of ancient bardic poetry, and by its Cornish name, which signifies the grey rocks in the wood. The Isles of Scilly, formerly so famed for the tin with which they supplied the Phœnicians, are now only known by their ancient fame, and by the numerous sea-fowl which lodge in their rocks. Few of them are inhabited, all trace of their mines is gone, and indeed they have greatly suffered from the inroads of the sea. The inhabitants earn their living by acting as pilots. They produce some kelp. Fundy island, off Devonshire, is surrounded by very steep rocks, and produces plenty of wheat: rabbits and sea-fowl are numerous, as are also lobsters, crabs and other fish. The Isle of Man, the next in our survey, was formerly the property of the Athol family, and is but lately annexed to the crown. It possesses a separate jurisdiction of its own, and is in consequence much infected with English gamesters, &c. Many reliques of the Manks, Norwegians, and Danes, are here to be found—the air is healthy, the soil fertile, and the scenery romantic and beautiful. The inhabitants are hospitable, but very superstitious. The chief articles of produce are herrings, potatoes, butter, cheese, eggs, feathers, horns, hides, rabbits, skins, wool, lead ore, paving stones, limestones, and kelp, and the chief manufactures are woollen and linen yarn. The coast of Man is very picturesque. The Isle of Anglesea, once the oak-covered Mona, famed as the abode of the Druids; now a comparatively naked spot, produces the beautiful

ment I have not been able to procure any of these isles, too, are in groups, and thou make a figure on the map, their produce will entitle them to notice.

HYMNS AND POETICAL REC

DIVINE SYMPATHY

Jesus, my sinking heart is fill'
With fearful augury—
The clouds that gather on m'
Seem big with misery—

And I, like vessels far at se
When tempest-winds are
Waiting their bursting but
Freighted too heavily.

Jesus, the sorrow lies to
For human ministry,
And knows not how to
To any but to thee.

Thou dost remember
The glories of thy
The feelings of mor
My feelings—on

Yes—for as if tho
Even in misery
Thou'st left no s
Unreach'd by

Jesus, my clou
Its fearfulne
Thine eye at
Its mourn'

And O it is
Thy hol
The sorro'
That I

"Ungrateful Birds!

Ah call us not so!

'Tis our love, our thanks

To display—we go:

Grateful and glad,

We follow that star,

In whose light we live,

Both here and afar—

Like us, do thou

Leave the world's gay bowers;

To dwell with thy God,

Quit thy choicest flowers!

Leave all thou lov'st,

To display His power,

To minds as dark

As the midnight hour.

Haste to the land

Of thralldom,—and chant

Of the Hely One,

'Till dark bosoms pant,

Through Faith, to gain

The glorious prize,

An unfading crown,

In yon lovely skies!"

IDA.

THE brightness of yon laughing scene

It makes my heart more sad;

It looks like things that once have been,

Like joys that once I had.

Ah fitter far the clouds that rest

On yon hill's lovely brow—

They suit the sadness of my breast,

For it is cloudy now.

This is a period of woe

A time to sorrow given;

But sighs that rise and tears that flow

Shall all be quenched in heaven.

Then let us bear our spirits up

While yet on earth we are—

Nor shrink to take the bitter cup

Which was our Saviour's share.

EVELINA.

1. *Elements of Arithmetic for Children, on a Plan entirely new, illustrated with Cuts, for Families and Preparatory Schools.* By Ingram Cobbin, M.A. London, 1826. Westley and Co. Stationers' Court.
2. *The Elements of French Grammar, by L'homond, illustrated with Cuts.* Translated by Rulton Morris. London, 1826. Westley and Co. Stationers' Court.

THE first of these little books is the prettiest toy we have seen for some time, and cannot fail to be a great favourite in the nursery. It will help to confirm the fact, so evidently appearing in the Infants' School system, that infants might as well be amused with acquiring knowledge as with pulling toys to pieces, if one were not called lessons and the other play. We can assure our tiny friends, if they are not amused with the book, that we were; and much disposed to count the cats, &c. to see if they came right. The book contains the five first rules of Arithmetic, set forth in a most amusing way by cuts, exceedingly well executed, and explained in so simple a manner as to be within the comprehension of very young children. We recommend it much to those who have the task of instructing or amusing them.

The second work is a very good first French Grammar, of about the compass of Murray's Abridgment of English Grammar, and such as might answer about the same purpose. We doubt whether the age at which it can be understood, is not passed that at which the cuts would increase the interest. It appears by the preface to be the book generally first used for teaching the language in France.

teries, but not suffered to enter the sanctuary till five years after, assisting in the meantime at the sacred ceremonies, only in the porch of the temple. When the years of probation were expired, the secret rites, some few excepted, which were reserved for the priests alone, were freely revealed to them; whence they changed the name of Mastanai, that is, persons initiated, for that of Epoptai, or eye-witnesses. The manner of initiation was thus. The candidates were admitted by night into the temple, wearing crowns of myrtle on their heads. At their entering the sacred place, they purified themselves by washing their hands in holy water; and at the same time were told, that the external cleanness of the body would not be accepted by the deity of the place, unless attended by the internal cleanness of an undefiled mind. After this the holy mysteries were read to them; the priest who initiated them having first asked them whether they had performed all the conditions religion required. To these questions they returned answers in a set form, and then were led by the priest into the most holy part of the temple, a place of darkness and horror. Then all on a sudden a strong light darted upon them, and discovered a statue of Ceres richly adorned, and a very indecent figure called Myllos. The light soon disappeared, and then a terrible noise was heard like thunder; fire fell down like lightning, and dreadful monsters appeared, which, by the glimmering light of continual flashes of fire, struck the spectators with great terror. Neither could they recover themselves from their fright, till they were shown a pleasant meadow, which was walled in behind the temple. Lastly, the priest who attended at the initiation, and was therefore called Hierophantes, or revealer of holy things, took his leave of the initiated, with exhorting them to the practice of virtue. The Hierophantes was by birth an Athenian, and of the family of Eumolpidæ. As he was the chief priest, and held his office for life, he was obliged to perpetual chastity. His name was so venerable, it-

and his party were provided with abundance of provisions; their tables were served with the most exquisite meats, while the common people, and many of the native nobility, after having consumed their horses, dogs, and all other animals, were constrained to live upon leather, softened by steeping it in water; and even upon human flesh. Eventually, the city was taken; and Sylla, having possessed himself of the Pyræus, to leave behind some marks of his resentment, destroyed most of the stately buildings—among others, the magazine and arsenal, built by the celebrated architect, Philo, and reckoned a master-piece of art.

From this time the Athenians enjoyed perfect tranquillity till the war between Cæsar and Pompey; when, taking part with the latter, they of course became the victims of the former. And the same, again, when, having sided with Antony, they were reduced and punished by Augustus. By the succeeding emperors of Rome, they were alternately protected and oppressed—one granting them privileges, of which the next deprived them.

This brings us beyond the present period of our narrative: but a few words more will close the history of Athens. On the decline of the Roman empire, it was successively possessed and pillaged by the Goths, the Catalonians, and the Venetians: till, in the year of our Lord 1455, it was taken possession of by the Turks—in whose hands it at this day remains.

We shall close the history of the other states, and of Greece in general, by a brief account of the Achæan League.

HISTORY OF THE ACHÆAN LEAGUE, AND OF THE SEVERAL STATES OF GREECE, TO THE DEATH OF PHILOPEMON. B.C. 183.

The name of Achaia had, in the earlier ages, comprised nearly the whole of ancient Greece. In Roman times, it was applied to the Peloponnesus, as well as the other states, Macedon and Thessaly excepted. But in Grecian history, of the period we speak of, the name



In B.C. 202, we find the Achæans in alliance with Sparta and Macedon, against the Romans; and in 197, with the Romans, against their former allies. To the Romans they remained faithful during the rest of the contest, which terminated by putting the whole of Greece at the disposal of Rome. Peace was concluded, and ten commissioners were sent from Rome to determine on the fate of Greece, to be announced at the ensuing Isthmean games. These were games annually celebrated at the Isthmus of Corinth, whence they had their names. They are said to have been instituted by Theseus in honour of Neptune. The most skilful Athletæ of Greece were used to come thither to dispute the prize in running, leaping, wrestling, &c. It was one of the most numerous assemblies of Greece.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

The 'Lord hath kept thee back from honour.—
NUMBERS xxiv. 11.

THIS is the language of earth and earthliness, addressed continually to those who would go Heavenward. "This you might have been—and that you might have done—this you will forfeit, that you will lose—your religion mars your success, blights your prospects, conceals your advantages—but for this you might be distinguished, admired, beloved—does God thus deprive his friends of honour?"

This is the language—But O believe it not! Especially let those, who have yet not made the trial, believe it not. For it makes the young to falter in their choice, and leads to a dangerous equivocation between the world and God, trying to please both for fear of what may follow on a more determined course: and thus in

feelings, purposes and affections; no doubt if the word of God be truth, it is required that there should be so. We should cherish a feeble or suffering member as a distempered limb of our bodies. Do we cut them off, neglect and cast them from us? In their necessities is it a hard pittance, the effort of generosity we bestow on them? When they are injured, disgraced, perhaps culpable, do we take pleasure in their shame, or bear it with indifference? Mock at it, perhaps, or aggravate it, or join willingly in the talk that exposes, pains, degrades them? Or are we rather as susceptible of their honour and feelings and character as of our own? We may shelter ourselves under the pretext that it is not necessary to defend error, but rather to protest against it even in our brethren. Yes; but it must be as we should do it if the error were our own—if we instead of they were detected in the wrong or falsely charged with it. We have no difficulty in knowing how that would be—with shame, with regret, and painful anxiety; not with exaggeration, mirth and ridicule, as we hear some persons speaking of the faults of others. If we considered every christian as a part of ourselves, to be disunited never in time or eternity, as the scripture speaks, the shame of every one would be our shame—the suffering of every one would be our suffering—their interests ours, their feelings ours—and in all things we should do for them, and judge of them, and deal with them, as with ourselves under like circumstances. Let us consider this—for the words of God have not lost their meaning, because Christians have become many instead of few.

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.—HOSEA viii. 7.

THAT a man soweth, will return to him, but not in measure as he soweth it. The one small grain of good and wholesome seed, will bear him, perhaps, a hundred fold of wheat; and the small acorn, planted in his youth, will, in his manhood, be the stately oak. So let him not believe he shall reap no more of evil than he

scène qui ne durera pas, et qui ne nous laissera que le ridicule de la dévotion, sans nous en laisser le mérite.

Vous craignez de ne pouvoir vous soutenir ? Eh quoi ! en différant de vous convertir, vous vous promettez que Dieu vous touchera un jour ; et en vous convertissant aujourd'hui, vous n'osez vous promettre qu'il vous soutiendra ? Vous comptez sur ses miséricordes en l'outrageant, et vous n'osez y compter en le glorifiant. Vous croyez ne rien risquer de son côté en continuant à l'offencer, et vous vous en défiez en commençant à le servir ? O homme, où est ici cette raison et cette équité de jugement dont vous vous piquez si fort ? Et faut-il que sur l'affaire de votre salut seulement, vous soyez un abîme de contradiction, et un paradoxe incompréhensible ?

MASSILLON.

THE LISTENER.—No. XLV.

WANTING the key of revelation, and utterly at fault without it, philosophy has argued, whether man has any innate knowledge of right and wrong ; or, whether indeed there be any right or wrong, apart from the expediency or in expediency proved by experience to pertain to certain actions and propensities. If philosophy had no ground for its conclusions, it had at least some excuse for its doubts, in the confusion of opinion respecting good and evil, which has been found wherever the light of revelation shines not. There is no crime so base and abominable, but has been somewhere held a grace, if not a virtue, in the character ; and men have been deified and adored in one place, for actions for which in another they might be hanged. The revelation of the law of God, wherever it is acknowledged, puts an end to this discrepancy. Professedly it is adopted as the test of morality ; and legislation recognizes it as the standard of right and wrong ; not in the spirit indeed, but in the letter. If men still continue to commit out-



it for a misfortune, but that I observed its dwelling was with the prosperous. I might have taken it for disease, but that I found it with the young and healthful. I might have taken it for a sin, but that I heard it avow itself boldly where I believed that sin was dreaded. It seems it has no English name ; and, meaning no riddle, I should have called it by its foreign one at once, but that I have found the feeling existing where it would disclaim its more fashionable appellation. By name, however, or by feature, or by what means soever, I have endeavoured to detect this thing, that in its genuine character I may present it to my readers, and bid them judge if it be friend or foe, a Christian virtue or an unsuspected vice.

I have a young friend, but just become a woman, who is perpetually complaining of *Ennui*. She is *ennuyée* in wet weather, hot weather, and cold weather. She is *ennuyée* in the country with too little company—and *ennuyée* in London with too much. She goes out, because she is *ennuyée* at home, and comes home dissatisfied, because she was *ennuyée* out. She finds some people *ennuyants*, because they talk so much ; and others *ennuyants*, because they are too silent. I never put a book into her hand, though she thinks herself fond of reading, but, after getting half through the first chapter, she fluttered the leaves, looked at the binding, and declared it quite *ennuyant*, or something synonymous, if not in the exact terms. I never asked her to read the most exquisite passage of poetry, or the most exalted expression of feeling, but she stopt three or four words short of the end, to express something of a similar opinion. I have heard her many times express a distaste for life, and almost a desire to be rid of it ; from a feeling, which, though she gave it not the name, I could perceive by her description of it, to be this same *Ennui*. Where could I better choose to study it ? to trace its characters, to detect its origin, and, if it might be, to expose its consequences ? Was it disease ? Was it misfortune ? Was it sin ? Was it any thing, or but a moodish

Hester had horses; and so long as she was riding, she was all life, and spirits, and enjoyment—but, unfortunately, she could not ride on for ever—and back, at the dismounting, came the *ennui*. Hester had a garden—and so long as there were flowers to train, and sun to shine upon them, she was active and amused—but it sometimes rained, or flowers were no more—and back again came the *ennui*. Hester could draw—I saw her sometimes set about it—begin half a dozen things, loiter over them an hour or two, and put them unfinished in the fire. I asked, why? She only drew to amuse *herself*, because she did not know what else to do—they were of no use to her, she never meant to finish them. She was *ennuyée* at the sight of them. Hester had books—that is to say, there were books to be had. If it was a fashionable book, that she might talk about in company, or an exciting story that might stimulate her passions, or even a scientific work, that she was ashamed not to have read, Hester got through it. But though she fancied she liked reading, it was clear that for its own sake she did not like reading, or care for knowledge. She never liked a book, unless she had a secondary motive for doing so, more immediately connected with *herself*. For the rest, she lolled on her chair, turned over the leaves, and the subject might comprise the interest of a world, it was nothing to *her*—*she* should never have occasion to know it, or talk about it—therefore it was dry and stupid, and altogether *ennuyant*. Hester could work; but of what use to *her* to work, unless it was something she particularly wanted—it was very *ennuyant* to work what she did not care for. Hester could sing, and Hester could talk—and in company Hester did at times both sing and talk—but at home it was not worth while—it was no amusement to *her*, whatever it might have been to those about her—of course too *ennuyant* to be worth the pains.

I observed Hester in society, where it may be supposed, from what I have said, she would find sufficient

human reason, upon unexamined of all upon their own base what do they know?—absolutely speak to one of God, who has from the Bible, though perhaps does not turn to the bright is God : he does not point on his chimney, and tell a little better : his conception who has created a world changes may betide. A does not expect any of them to exact the penalties he one, perfect, immutable think what they please, or, if they please, not short, Creator, Judge the last to be thought the last to be trusted interests of life, theifications of self have The idea of deity was from this, according partially borrowed taken from it as a falsehood produce I come to hear of a in nothing—a God to his bosom—a eternal misery that who has devised without, and see what men may do or listen to. To God, who read from it.

That man's object so near,

Mainland is very craggy, and its cliffs and shores abound with eagles, falcons, swans, geese, ducks, seals, and otters. Fish are very plentiful, particularly trout and salmon. There are mines of copper and iron, and inexhaustible supplies of peat. It produces abundance of game, sheep, and ponies; but no trees or plants are to be seen, save the juniper and heath. The Orkney Islands are also very numerous: the principal are Pomona, Hoy, Westra, and South Ronaldsha; the soil is more fertile than that of the Shetlands, as it produces barley and oats. Numbers of sheep and small black cattle are reared here; grouse, plovers, snipes, eagles, &c., are found in great plenty. Fish are very numerous. The chief exports are linen, woollen yarn, stockings, butter, fish, kelp, feathers, oil, and skins. Pomona is the most fertile. Hoy is noted for its stupendous hill, called Hoyhead; its Dwarfic Stone, a curious ancient cavern in a stone; and for the birds called Lagers, which are deemed great delicacies. Near the small isle of Sevinna are two destructive whirlpools. The Hebrides are in two divisions; the first comprehending Harris, or Lewis, Skye, North and South Wist, Barra, and Kinloch, with an infinity of smaller ones.

Lewis, or Harris, is, properly speaking, two islands, joined by an isthmus. It is barren, and has little wood, but abounds in game. Very good pasturage for sheep is found in some places. Fish is in great plenty. Skye is barren like its sister isles; but this want of fertility is amply recompensed by its other valuable productions. Game and deer are plentiful, and a great support to the inhabitants is derived from great numbers of small black cattle which they breed. It has also some quarries of marble, and some very good ones of limestone. Kelp is also manufactured here. A very beautiful display of basaltic columns, greatly resembling the Giant's Causeway, is its greatest curiosity. Of North and South Wist, I have nothing particular to record, as they resemble those just mentioned in their productions. The same

Perhaps—and yet if this were all,
 The forfeiture of nature's fall,
 Unconsciously bereft,
 Man might, indeed, forget to mourn
 Primeval happiness foregone,
 And think his Eden left...

But O! in man's first happy hours,
 There was a blessing in his bowers.
 Our garden cannot share;
 For, as if the Maker loved to tread,
 O'er the faultless thing that he had made,
 His God was present there.

No thunders then in his footsteps rung—
 No fearful veil on his beauty hung,
 Nor anger on his brow—
 And now would He return, and reign
 O'er a sinless, tearless world again,
 This would be Eden too.

~~~~~  
*Revelations vi. 10.*

"How long, O Lord, how long?"  
 It was in heaven  
 That prayerful voice was heard  
 From spirits forgiven.

Was heaven not enough?  
 Happy, secure,  
 Robed in eternal bliss,  
 Would they have more?

Jesus, they would have more—  
 Even in bliss,  
 The spirits expectant wait  
 More happiness.

They wait, even in heaven,  
 Impatiently,  
 To see this troubled world  
 At peace with thee.

It springs in the heart, and it cannot bear  
 To view the form of a rival there;  
 And it blooms like us on the naked bough,  
 In the heart, where all else was blighted by woe.

We come in the season of Nature's night,  
 And we speak of the Spring, and its bloom and light;  
 So the Christian's hope, in this vale of gloom,  
 Will whisper of heaven beyond the tomb."

EUGENIA.

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THE NIGER.

THERE is a mighty and mysterious stream,
 No foot hath traced its course;
 They know not where is lost the wandering wave,
 And so it is a purpose for the brave,
 And so it is of restless man the dream
 To trace it from its source :
 Yet is it perilous ground,
 And death is all around,
 In earth, and air, and flood;
 And there are beasts and fiercer men seeking the traveller's
 blood.

And oft he treads the desert waste and drear,
 And to reward his toil
 No Tadmor will appear
 In this deep wilderness,
 Nor green spot in this sea of scorching sand;
 His weary footsteps press
 A parch'd and thirsty soil :
 The hot and silent air
 Breathes nothing but despair;
 A hopeless desolation's in the land.

Did he some mission bear of light and love,
 Did he so toil and labour to remove
 The galling chain
 From off the bodies and the souls of men,
 Light were his labours then,
 And worthy to attain,

Hebrews xiii. 8.

O THAT my soul could praise! that I could find
Some words to tell how all my changing days
But prove my God unchangeable and kind
As heretofore—while still fresh mercies bind
My heart to him in love—which not repays
His love indeed; but serves in part to shew
How all I have is his, to whom my all I owe.

By shewing me thy love—that love which bought
Mine with so great a price—that love unsought,
Before I knew its sweetness—which alone
I now discern, the one thing needful to be known.

O that my soul could glorify thy name!
Indeed I know all creatures shall unite
To bring thee glory—all thy works proclaim
Thy wisdom, and thy goodness, and thy might;
But to keep all thy precepts with delight,
This is the service I would bring, and prove
The best obedience flows from liberty and love.

IOTA.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Nouveau Cours de Littérature; ou, Répertoire des chefs-d'œuvres de Corneille, Racine, &c. &c.; suivi des Commentaires de Laharpe, et précédé d'un choix des plus beaux morceaux, en vers et en prose, des plus célèbres Ecrivains Français, avec des notes Biographiques, &c. &c. Par C. P. Buquet. Edinburgh, chez Oliver et Boyd; et G. B. Whittaker, Londres. 1826. Price 6s. 6d.

To those whose reading is either too limited or too much extended to admit of their becoming intimate with the French Poets in their extended forms, and to the young who would derive little pleasure and no

Yet, if to taste thy gifts, were *all*
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me,
No leave upon thy name to call,
And gain access by prayer to thee—

How would my spirit, sorrowing,
Mid all those gifts, have sigh'd to feel—
It knew not the refreshing spring
That ceaseless flows, to soothe and heal.

How oft, at morn, at evening hour,
Those living waters yet unknown,
Have sigh'd to mark the short-liv'd flower;
Nor dar'd to think one joy its own.

No chain to bind the wandering soul,
No link connecting earth and heaven,
No father's pitying, kind control,
No child repenting and forgiven.

But God reveals his mercy-seat,
And beams of light the gloom dispel :—
He gives—from Him the gift is sweet ;
He takes away—and all is well.

The voice of prayer in heaven is heard ;
Let strength depart, and comforts flee :
If man may act upon that word,
“Seek, and He shall be found of thee.”

The rice paper, employed for paintings, is made of the membranous covering of the bread-fruit tree, exposed to the sun and air.—In the Burman empire a particular kind of marble is appropriated to the statues of Gaudma, which none but priests are allowed to sell.—*Symes's 'Ava.'*

Great men are like comets—they move in an eccentric orb, and are created to effect certain purposes of Providence, which are not perceived by little minds. Thus they are misrepresented by knaves, and misunderstood by fools. They are accused of ills which they cannot prevent, and censured for the good they effect.—*Margravine of Anspach.*

Hyder Ali was observed by an intimate friend to start in his sleep. Being asked the reason, he replied,—“My friend, the poorest beggar is more to be envied than I, in all my power. Awake, he sees no conspirators; asleep, he dreams of no assassins.—*Ibid.*”

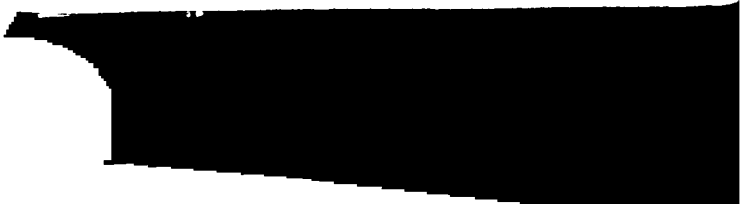
When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes.—*Jewish Proverb.*

Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, pomp among the Ottomans.—*Turkish Proverb.*

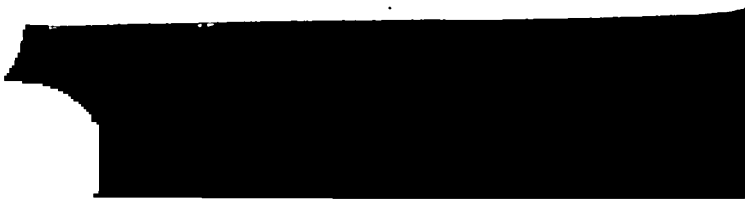
‘ADELAIDE.

EXTRACTS.

How many individuals would be assisted in the proper and liberal culture of the mind, if they were previously led to take a comprehensive survey of human nature in all its parts; of its various faculties, and powers, and sources of enjoyment; and of the effects which are produced on these principles by particular situations. It is such a knowledge alone of the cap-



were consequently restored. The city of Messene next revolted from the League. Philopœmen marched against them; but being unsuccessful, was retreating in good order, fighting as he went: when, happening to separate from his troops, he was surrounded by the enemy in a narrow defile. Worn with fatigue, sickness, and age—for he was now in his seventieth year—the hero yet supported himself for some time, spurred across the rocks, and would probably have gained his troop, had not the horse fallen with him. By the fall he received a wound in the head, and lay senseless, till the enemy took possession of his body. On receiving the news of his captivity, the inhabitants of Messene flocked forth to look at him, not unmoved at the condition of the hero, their former deliverer from tyranny. Those who had not been able to see him for the crowd, desired he should be taken to the theatre, and shown to the multitude. But the magistrates, fearing lest the love of the people for him should revive, hurried him into a subterranean vault, where neither light nor air could enter, and which was stopped by a stone, let up and down by a crane. Here the hero, wounded, sick, and fatigued, passed a miserable night. Early in the morning the senate and people met. The latter would have sent him back to his country in exchange for other prisoners; but the senate, the authors of the rebellion, feared the consequence, and determined on his death. Accordingly the executioner was sent to the vault with a draught of poison. When the illustrious Megalopolitan saw the cup, he knew the errand, and raising himself with difficulty, asked if his troop had escaped. Being told that not one had been taken, "That is enough," he said—"I die content;" and he drank the cup with cheerfulness. Philopœmen is considered one of the greatest warriors of Greece, and his character is untainted by any charge of selfishness or vice. In military skill and courage, he is placed on a level with Hannibal and Scipio, who were his contemporaries, and died the same



Carthage not yet having left the Romans at liberty to conquer Greece. Her ambassadors being perpetually rejected and insulted, war was at length declared against Achaia by Rome and Lacedæmon.

In 146, the Consul Mummius appeared in Greece with an army, and after gaining a signal, and very bloody victory, marched to Corinth. The inhabitants, without council, leaders, or courage, fled to other places for safety, leaving the city deserted. The gates were open, and nobody appeared on the walls to defend them. The Roman Consul hearing this, could scarcely believe it; and fearing some ambuscade, restrained the ardour of the soldiers, who were eager to enter Corinth, and enrich themselves with the plunder of so rich a city. Mummius was thus in suspense for three days; after which, taking proper precautions, he entered at the head of his troops, and gave up the city to the avarice of his soldiers. There were more vessels of all sorts of metals, more fine pictures, and statues of the greatest masters in Corinth, than in any city of the world. All the princes of Europe and Asia, who had any taste for painting and sculpture, furnished themselves here with their richest furniture; here were cast the finest statues for temples and palaces, and all the liberal arts were in their greatest perfection. Many inestimable pieces of the most famous painters and statuaries fell into the hands of soldiers; who, not knowing their value, either destroyed them, or sold them for a few drachmas. Polybius, the historian, was an eye-witness of the want of taste in the Romans of that period. This brave Achæan, upon the first news that his countrymen had taken up arms against Rome, left Africa, where he was attending Scipio at the siege of Carthage, and hastened to Achaia, to do his country what service he could. He was in the Roman army when Corinth was plundered, and had the mortification to see the Roman soldiers playing at dice on a picture, which was considered one of the finest in the world. It was a Bacchus, painted by

struction of Carthage, wished that Corinth had been spared, for the sake of the arts that flourished there.

The Corinthians, and such as had borne arms against Rome, were sought for wherever they had fled, and sold to slavery. The whole Achæan nation were ordered to assemble in the open fields, surrounded by Roman legions, and feared to share the same fate: but all, except the above, had their liberty. The lands of the Corinthians were sold. Thebes, Chalcis, and other cities that had joined against Rome, were dismantled. Achaia was condemned to pay to Lacedæmon two hundred talents for the damages of the war. Soon after, ten commissioners once more arrived from Rome to settle the affairs of Greece. They abolished popular government, and established magistrates over each separate city, to govern them according to their laws, under the superintendence of a Roman Prætor. The Achæan League was thus dissolved, and Greece reduced to a Roman province, called the province of Achaia, because at the time of its subjection, the Achæans were the most powerful people. The whole nation paid annual tribute to Rome; and the Prætor who was sent thither every year, had the charge of collecting it. B.C. 146.

Greece, or Achaia, as we should now call it, remained thus tributary till the reign of Nero; who, for a short time, gave it freedom: but Vespasian reduced it again to subjection. The condition of the people remained with little variation, till the reign of Constantine the great, who joined Achaia to the prefecture of Illyricum. Upon the division of the Roman empire, Achaia fell to the emperors of the east. Under Arcadius and Honorius, these provinces suffered from the incursions of the Goths; who, under Alaric, wasted the country, and laid in ruins the magnificent structures yet remaining from the better days of Greece. From that time there is no account of what passed there, till the reign of Emanuel, who, in the 12th century of the Christian Era, divided the Peloponnesus into seven provinces, appropriated to

which, when we consider the smallness of the population, the brilliancy of her achievements, the number of distinguished names that embellish her history, and the perfection she attained in the arts of peace as well as war, has certainly no parallel in the annals of the world. Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Rhetoric, there reached the highest excellence to which man has been able to carry them: and philosophy and wisdom, such as heathens esteemed of it, had there their boasted seat; as if Heaven had meant to exhibit there the utmost that man, unassisted by revelation, could attain. And what a miserable attainment was it after all. What a picture of misery, iniquity, and folly, does the history of Greece present.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God.—JAMES i. 13.

THERE is a way of speaking I have observed to be extremely dangerous—unsuspected sometimes of those who use it, though not without its influence on their hearts—a way of reconciling ourselves to our sins, our coldness towards God, and want of love to Jesus, to outward dereliction from our principles, and secret indulgence of favourite sin, by speaking of them as the necessities of our condition, or even as the arbitrary appointments of God for the exercise of our faith. It is so true that man remains a sinner as long as he remains in life—so true, that a sinner unprevented will return to sin—and so true beside, that it is by sovereign mercy, our evil nature notwithstanding, we are brought at the last to glory, that the danger of these pleadings is not immediately perceived. St. James perceived it. He

Let God be true, but every man a liar.—ROM. iii. 4.

MORE ready to take the word of man than of God, how does the heart sink within us when man belies his word, falsifies his profession, and goes back from the path of truth on which he seemed to walk. I mean not the imperfections, the doubts, the infirmities that wait upon the christian walk, the mourned and resisted remnant of his sometime bondage to the world and sin. These rather strengthen our belief, because they are what the Gospel has foretold and provided for; and if we saw them not, much of that Gospel were not true. But those great defections, those loud misdeeds, those disproofs in the hour of trial, of all that the lips had boasted, those returns of professing christians to their former habits and associations—how do they startle and appal the watchful spirit, lest what is thus belied, should be indeed a lie. When we are toiling to overtake those whom we have believed to be before us, to meet them on their return—when we come up to those whose peace we have envied, and whose zeal we have desired to imitate, to find them corroded with the cares of earth, and unhallowed by the pursuit of earth—O the heart turns so sick within itself—so mournfully whispers, “Is it then a fiction?”—I have felt no doubts so painful, so appalling, as those that have thus arisen. But they are the emotions of the natural heart, and should be bidden instantly away. They come of too much value for the testimony of man, instead of relying simply on the word of God. What he has written would be true, though no man on earth believed it—and though every seeming christian should at this moment belie the faith, and forsake the Saviour, he would be that Saviour sufficient still, and true. We have proof enough in his word, and in the witness of his Spirit in our hearts, to make us certain, and to make us safe, though all the world unite to disavow him. This is the fact; and it should be kept in mind; and we should learn to build our faith upon

where every comfort was enjoyed by
 receive enough in wholesome food to
 ferer during that day the misery of w
 cursing of the heart towards those
 so much to differ from their own. I
 (to speak truth) about the average
 honest man to forty knaves; when
 in a musing fit over the entrance
 main, my eye was caught by some
 on the outside of the gate; and
 read with some difficulty, " God
 house; for I was hungry, and
 thirsty, and they gave me to dr
 as I finished this tribute of grat
 forfeit my claim to the prayer o
 was my fervent ejaculation, as
 formed characters, and then
 appeared on the road till nigh
 first time in my life, to disc
 habits of my gardener soon
 these written thanks on the
 on my heart, and after this
 pose, my zeal increased.
 vancers an out-house ne
 ated for resting the wear
 for facilitating the disap
 den tools, half dried li
 valuables generally dis
 of a country residence

I read no more ef
 (unless much pressed
 of the year—how the
 the poor labourers
 crew, or loudly ma
 rich neighbour ease
 the suppliant to m
 been greatly relie
 the difficult task



ing dogs, and deformed children—respectable people turned beggars when I approached, and boys offered me “matches,” in the dog days; but I was crammed with knowledge—strong in my arguments, and re-echoed firmly the cry of, “I never give to beggars.”

It was one bitter evening in October that, followed by a half naked wretch from street to street, and feeling my resolution failing me, I turned abruptly round, and repeating, “I never give in the streets.” “Then where do you give, Sir,” cried the famishing creature eagerly, —“I do not care how far I go?”

I had just reached my own door, and in I hurried—very far from conviction of having done right, with the countenance and figure of the rejected suppliant haunting my mental vision, while her question rang in my ears—“Where then do you give?” might be asked of many who might find it difficult to reply in strict truth—and for those who, with myself, could urge, “We subscribe to the various societies for relieving the wants of the poor—we give to any case of well authenticated distress—we must keep our limited means for those who deserve assistance”—might not this be pleaded, that cases will arise when no rule, no plan should be suffered to stifle the natural feeling? and it does appear to me the obvious duty of “doing good to all men.” There might have been “societies” and “associations” at the time when the poor Jew fell among thieves; and as the wounded man lay helpless by the road side, the priest might have reflected as he passed by, that, his name stood recorded as a benefactor to mankind, therefore he was such—that his exertions were exemplary, his charities regulated and unalterable; and the Levite might have required proofs of the man’s character—might have doubted, as “he looked on him,” the reality of his distress—above all, having made it a rule never to assist any one on the high road, his conscience enables him also to “pass by on the other side.” It will be a happy world where no prudence is required—where no coun-

hold of faith. He would have learned by the whole tenor of the divine law, and especially by the example of the absent Lord, whose property he was for a season trusted with, that he was to do as much good to humanity, and win as much glory to God, as was compatible with the measure of his trust, and the time for which he might retain it. And he would have perceived that *good, doing good*, must mean with him, what it means with the Master who left him thus commissioned. This would have brought the question of indiscriminate almsgiving into a very narrow compass. It would not be whether it were better for the poor, or better for himself, to give or not to give; but whether this was the best and utmost use to be made of the property he had to spare, God's will according.

Wanting this guide, unable to determine what is best for "the beggars," my friend has recourse to doing what is best "for himself;" and fearing lest, by refusing alms, he should indulge his "selfishness," and mistake it for "prudence," he gives, or orders to be given, no matter how, or to whom, his money, the thing he least values; and reserves to himself his time, his thought, his care, his understanding mind and pious heart, and never misgives that he thus indulges "selfishness," and calls it "benevolence." And he takes for reward and encouragement, a blessing on his garden wall, which he calls the prayer of the poor and destitute. We have heard before of buying prayers with pence. Woe to the heart that would not beat with joy, while the lips of the afflicted asked Heaven for a blessing on the hand through which its bounties came—that would not hold for nought the applauses of a world, at the moment when the last breath of piety asked Jesus to reward their cares. But the prayer of vice, of carelessness, and ignorance—of lips profane, and breath unhallowed—uttered without thought, and addressed to One they regard not—are these things heard in Heaven? "Verily they have their reward." It is gratifying to the feelings

messenger of love, and have heard a prayer, that might indeed have been his meet reward? All this was done before the alms-giving began. What all? Not one left anywhere within his reach? Did he enquire, did he go and see? Admit that his money did more good than harm, did it the most it might have done?

What moral or physical disability might be upon my friend, to go after the suffering that came not to his door, since he has not told me, I am not obliged to know—But this I know. Money is not the only thing that is not his own—time, and thought, and knowledge, and power, moral influence and spiritual advantage—all must be answered for, for all are God's. I will give my friend, however, the utmost advantage of this plea. I will suppose him planted in Grosvenor Square, with an utter incapability, from some cause I would rather not undertake to explain, of seeing, hearing, knowing, finding, or imagining, any misery but what presents itself to his charitable vision in the streets—which indeed, appears to be his actual condition. What better could occur in such an emergency, than that one should come to his imprisoned humanity and say, "There are those at hand whose hearts are warmed with pity, the haunts of vice are not fearful to them, the filth of poverty does not disgust them, the infection of disease cannot prevent them—they have time, they have understanding, and they are determined to give tribute of all that they possess—but they have not money. What they can spare is not enough to answer the demand. Give them of your ten talents, and in pity for your helplessness, they will go and earn usury for you against your Lord's return." These are the Societies of which my correspondent speaks. If every individual could or would do all that is due from him to suffering humanity, there would be no need of Societies: but they cannot, or they will not. Thousands, like my unfortunate friend, cannot perceive misery till it molests them, or feel pity till they are asked for it. If they do, their incarcerated benevolence con-

is a unit in the great account : the world takes little note of it, and moral philosophers have balanced their arguments without it ; but overlooked, forgotten as it is, it is that which must at last decide in every thing for loss or gain.

The greatest enemy of man is not his misery. There is a blight upon him more bitter than the October wind—a shame more degrading than his body's nakedness. The tears that Jesus shed over Jerusalem were for her sins and her foreseen destruction, not for the misery that thronged her streets ; and when he healed the diseases of the body he administered always to the spirit too. Man is of another mind. He is troubled to see his fellow-creature cold and naked ; but not at all that he should live in vice and perish everlastingly. It is not uncommon, when anything is undertaken to elevate the moral character of the poor and give them religious instruction, to hear it said, we had better feed and clothe them. Yet if there be any right principle of charity at all, it must be the same in the servant as in his Lord. All misery is the progeny of sin. If we foster the parent while we endeavour to repress the offspring, what do we but cut from the bitter root a single bud, and scatter the seed of it to produce a thousand. If “to do good to all men,” were to procure for them such brief intervals of ease as our alms could most readily purchase, I would not only give money to the beggar, but I think I would advise him to repair to the next publick-house, and buy with it twelve hours' oblivion of the miseries it could not permanently relieve. It would be by much the larger purchase of enjoyment. But if every root of evil bears its fruit of misery, as surely as the briar bears its thorns, and all human suffering has no other parent and no other source—what is the principle of that charity which, in pity for the shivering limb, rewards the beggar's lie ; and lest he should go unfed, tempts him to the commission of iniquity ? The actings of such a charity are pernicious, by so much as sin is worse than sorrow ; and as for the some hours of suffering spared, it may produce a life, aye, and

It is evident, however, that Lord Cobham suffered as a martyr for the religion of Jesus ; and few characters are marked with more boldness, devotion, and simplicity, unmingled with ambition, or any secular interests.

The persecution of Wickliffe's followers had never entirely ceased ; nor had the light of truth gone out, since the time of that first reformer. We have seen it secretly extending itself among the populace, in the time of Chaucer, and occasionally exciting the vengeance of the church, as in the case of William Thorpe and others. . And if we consider how little means the period afforded for recording passing events, and how obscure, for the most part, were the persons among whom the new doctrines found acceptance, we shall perceive it probable that numbers suffered, of whose piety and death no record has been preserved. It is only when some person of distinguished name became the victim, that history has taken notice of the event. This was the case with Lord Cobham, a knight and courtier, a brave soldier, and, as we are told, a man of learning.

Immediately after the coronation of Henry V. a synod of the clergy was assembled, 1413, for the express purpose of repressing the increase of the Gospel, and putting out of the way certain great men, without which the clergy declared it impossible to heal the wounds of the church, or "make whole," as they expressed it, "Christ's coat without seam." Among these, Lord Cobham was accused as chief, and charged with being a maintainer of suspected preachers in London ; and also that he was "far otherwise in belief of the sacrament of the altar, of penance, of pilgrimage, of image worship, and of the ecclesiastical power, than the Church of Rome had taught for many years before."

The nobleman appears to have been a favourite with the king, who stayed the impeachment till he should himself have spoken with him, and endeavoured to recall him to the church. At this interview the knight replied thus to the king's remonstrances. "Unto you, next my

purely taught, conforming their lives to the same, and secluding all false preachers: yea, these ought rather to hazard their lives, than suffer such wicked decrees as either blemish the eternal Testament of God, or yet let the free passage thereof, whereby heresies and schisms might spring up in the church. For of none other arise they, as I suppose, than of erroneous constitutions, craftily first creeping in under hypocritical lies, for advantage. They ought also to preserve God's people from oppressors, tyrants, and thieves, and see the clergy supported, so long as they teach purely, pray rightly, and minister the sacraments freely. And if they see them do otherwise, they are bound by the law of office to compel them to change their doings; and to see all things performed according to God's prescript ordinance."

In full accordance with these knightly ideas of his Christian duties, was the request of the old nobleman, on presenting his confession to the king, "when he desired, in the king's presence, that a hundred knights and squires might come in upon his purgation, which he knew would clear him of all heresies. Moreover, he offered himself, after the law of arms, to fight for life or death with any man living, Christian or heathen, in the quarrel of his faith, the king and the lords of his council excepted."

This unholy proposition for settling so holy a quarrel, is only to be explained by the habits of the time. "Military persons chose this way of purgation, in cases where the question could not be determined by legal proof or testimony, as most proper for them; and after their example, so did other gentlemen and persons of quality; nay, not only men, but women also required to have their innocence cleared by champions fighting for them." Of course the idea was, that God, in whose hands was the victory, would determine it in favour of the innocent; and the practice was so entirely sanctioned by the church, that it was not uncommon for the bishops



to "assoil him, if he would humbly desire it in due form and manner." "Then," said Lord Cobham, "nay, forsooth will I not; for I never yet trespassed against you, and therefore I will not do it." And with that he knelt down on the pavement, holding up his hands to heaven, and said, "I shrive me here unto thee, my eternal living God, that in my frail youth I offended thee, most grievously, in pride, wrath, and gluttony; in covetousness, and in lechery. Many men have I hurt in mine anger, and done many other horrible sins; good Lord, I ask thee mercy. And therewith, weepingly, he stood up again, and said with a mighty voice, "Lo, good people, lo: for the breaking of God's law, and his great commandments, they never yet cursed me. But for their own laws and traditions, most cruelly do they handle both me and other men. And therefore, both they and their laws, by the promise of God, shall utterly be destroyed."

A great deal of conversation followed, on the subject of the sacramental bread, on which the knight's opinions are by no means so clear, as was his heresy to the council. And also as to his belief respecting the church, which he refused to say he believed *in*—a little word to which the catholics at that period attached much importance, and the reformers were as anxious to reject, as implying something of divinity. Another subject of dispute, was the worshipping of the crucifix. This was during the reformation a frequent occasion of argument and eloquence. There is a beautiful passage on this subject, from an old writer. "There is no True Image of God but man. Which of you all go a pilgrimage to that Image? Which of you all do offer to that Image? Which of you all do honour that Image? What say you to this? How can you avoid this? Is not this agreeable with Scriptures? And yet this Image you do despise. This Image cast you in prison. This Image do you stock and chain, and whip from town to town, without any cause. This Image dieth in your streets, before

SERIES OF ESSAYS ON THE SUBJECT OF ARCHITECTURE.

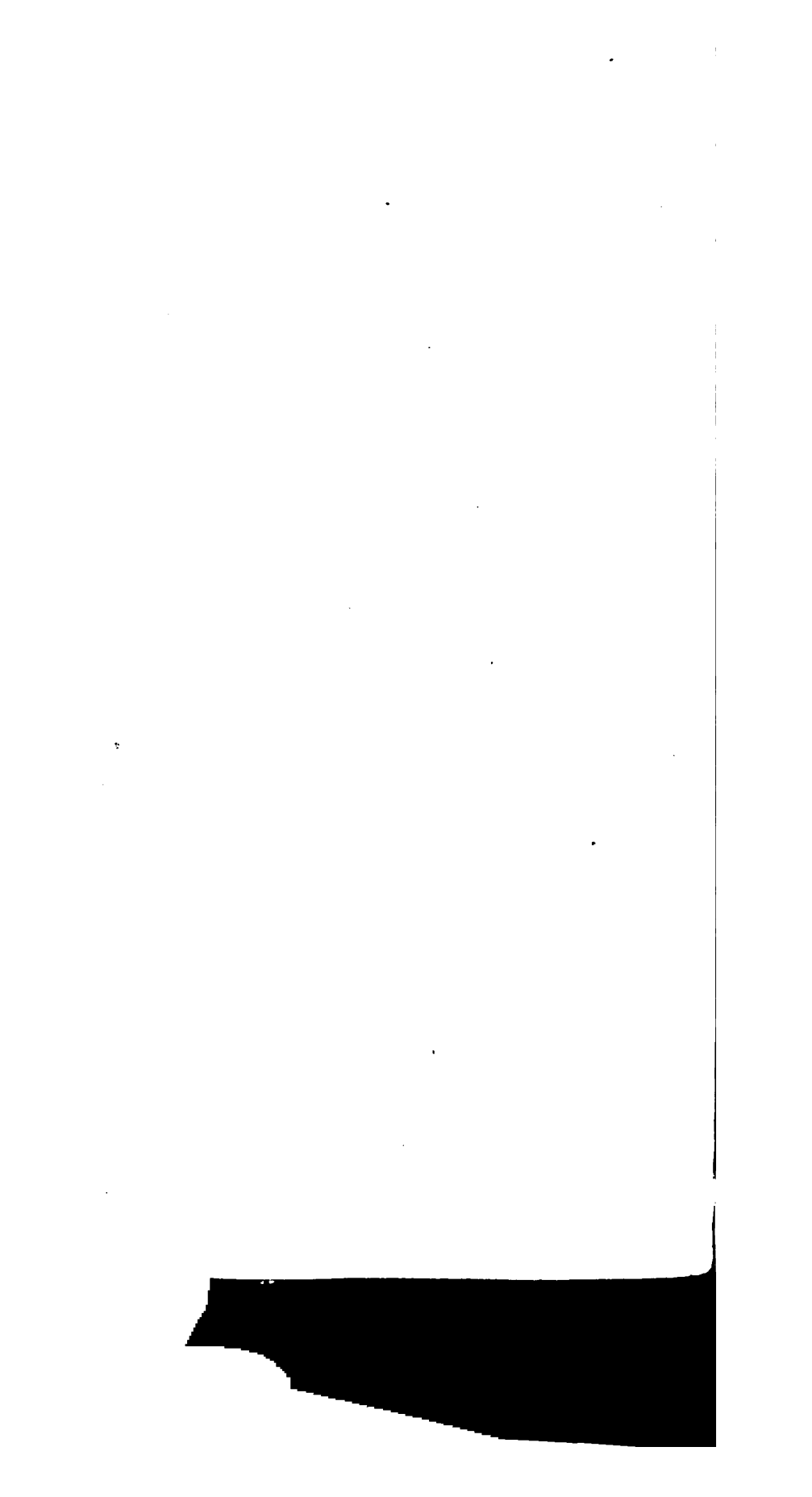
ESSAY THE THIRD.

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

WHEREVER the first specimens of regular Architecture existed, it is in Egypt that the most ancient have become known to us; unless, indeed, which cannot be decided, the temples of India are of yet more remote origin. In Egypt, though the ruins are extensive and numerous, of temples, palaces, and tombs, it is impossible to ascertain their date. Neither in some places can it be decided which among them were purely Egyptian, which the later works of Greeks and Arabs, who at times had possession of the country. We cannot, however, pass over in the history of Architecture this first great repository of arts and knowledge, whence they are supposed to have been communicated to every other nation.

Magnitude was the characteristic of Egyptian Architecture—a magnitude so enormous, as baffles our conception at once of the effect produced, and of the means by which it was effected. The most ancient buildings, as the Pyramids, were of stone, laid without cement on each other, the lower projecting a little beyond the one above it. This construction is so simple and easy a contrivance, and the pyramidal form so natural a result from it, they would be sufficient to mark those buildings as belonging to the earliest stage of architectural improvement—the form scarcely implying more ingenuity than the first hut of the savage; except what was required to raise those enormous masses of stone to a height so stupendous, as baffles all our conjectures of the means by which it was effected.





middle two rows of columns fifty feet high; and consists of a prodigious hall or portico, the roof of which is sustained by 134 columns, some of 34, others of 26 feet in circumference. Then there are four beautiful obelisks, marking the entrance to the Adytum. The Adytum consists of three apartments entirely of granite. The principal room, which is in the centre, is 20 feet long, 16 wide, and 13 high. Three blocks of granite form the roof, which is painted with clusters of gilt stars on a blue ground. The walls also are covered with painted sculpture. Beyond this, are other porticos and galleries, which have been continued to another gateway at the distance of 2000 feet.

Imagination loses itself in endeavouring to form an idea of numbers and magnitude like these in architectural designs, or of the means by which the masses of granite were extracted from the mines, and conveyed thither; or of the time and labour expended in carving over these immense masses with hundreds and thousands of figures, representing battles, processions, agricultural labours, and every other device nature or imagination could suggest.

Of the character of Egyptian architecture, our plate contains a few specimens. Some of the pillars had the form of human figures, in the character of Hermes, his arms folded, and in his hands the flagellum, the symbol of divinity. Plate 3—Fig. 1. Others are of a ruder form, resembling Fig. 2. Some have their Capitals enriched with an ornament, seeming to represent the date-leaf and fruit, the upper part of the shaft appearing to have been cut to imitate the trunk of the date-tree, just after its lower branches are lopped off, as is the custom, for a supply of wood. Others seem to have derived their forms and ornaments from the trunk and leaves of the Lotus. Figures 3 and 4 are specimens of Egyptian Capitals.

We cannot enter into a description of the Sculpture of these buildings. It was mostly painted as well as



GEOLGY.

Plate 20.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 1. - *Trilobites*. Fig. 2. - *Trilobites*. Fig. 3. - *Trilobites*. Fig. 4. - *Trilobites*. Fig. 5. - *Trilobites*. Fig. 6. - *Trilobites*.

The Oxford Clay is found at intervals in most of the counties between Lincolnshire, where it is called Fen Clay, and Dorsetshire. It lies generally in the low grounds, and is considered to be upwards of 500 feet in thickness. Many of our mineral springs are considered to take rise in this formation, or in the Oolite above it; all these beds abound in Iron Pyrites, (Iron and Sulphur,) the principal ingredients of those waters.

ANNE.—There seems to have been an extraordinary consumption of animal life in the formation of all these beds; for almost all that you have mentioned are little else than masses of shells.

MRS. L.—That is the case—and when we consider the great depth and extent of the beds, we are lost in conjecture whence and how they came. The bed I have next to mention, called Coral Rag, Oxford Oolite, or Pisolite, is a continual mass of animal remains. This too is a mixture of Sand and Lime. The upper part is a Calcareous Freestone, full of shells broken into fragments so small, it is impossible to distinguish their species: the roe-like particles are sometimes very large. The colour of all these beds is yellowish white, occasionally passing into grey. It affords a tolerable material for building, but far inferior to those I have mentioned, and to the Portland Stone, of which I shall speak presently; as it scales off in flakes after a few years' exposure. Under this Freestone is the proper Coral Rag, a loose rubbly Limestone, almost entirely made up of different species of branching Madreporæ; and beneath this, close to the Oxford Clay, is a loose sand containing a good deal of Iron. These beds may very well be examined about Oxford, and in many other places. We have here a striking instance of the removal of blocks from one place to another. Speaking of Whiteham Hill, near Oxford, which is formed of Coral Rag, it has been observed, that "a large accumulation of alluvial pebbles and blocks, often of considerable size, and derived apparently from some transition dis-

these depositions, though not so frequently as in the Lias. The Ichthyosaurus is considered to be a marine, oviparous animal; nearly agreeing with the Saurian, or Crocodile tribe in the head and sternum, except that the bones are usually, as in fish, united by scaly sutures; and approaching to fish in some parts of the structure of the vertebræ, while in others, its form is peculiar to itself. The four extremities are quite peculiar to itself, and may be, in some respects, considered as forming a link between the feet of animals, and the fins of fishes. These are called paddles. *Fig. 1* represents a part of this strange animal, with its paddles.

MAT.—Have many of these unknown creatures been found?

Mrs. L.—Of different portions of them, I believe, many have been found; enough to prove that there were several species, and that they are common to all the beds between the Red Marle and the Chalk. Others also, nearly resembling them, have been arranged in different genera, by the names of Plesiosaurus and Megalosaurus, some of them animals of enormous size. Approaching to these fossils, though in many respects different, are those of the Monitor, and other Lacertæ, (Lizard tribe) of which you may often hear. To enter into a particular description of these animals, however new and curious, would be uninteresting to you, unless you had a considerable knowledge of animal physiology.

The Upper division of the Oolite series contains first the Kimmeridge Clay—a greyish yellow clay; but as it sometimes contains beds of bituminous Slate, which render it fit for fuel, it has in those parts obtained the name of Kimmeridge Coal: near which place it is most distinctly traced. “Near Smedmore, in the parish of Kimmeridge, is found, what the country people call Coal-money, generally on the top of the cliffs, two or three feet below the surface, enclosed between two stones, set edgeways, and covered with a third, together with the bones of some animal.

Purbeck Stone, only in the purity of the calcareous matter, and in the shells being more entire. It agrees very nearly with the Petworth Marble; but is now out of use, and the quarries filled up. Beautiful impressions of fish are frequently met with in the Purbeck quarries, and abundance of fragments of bones. Complete fossil Turtles have also been found, and a very perfect head of a Crocodile. *Fig. 2* is a small sketch of these beds, which conclude what is called the Oolite, or Freestone Strata.

SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

CONVERSATION XX.

CLASS, VERTEBRATA—SUB-CLASS, FISHES.

Sight, hearing, smell, respiratory organs, &c.

PAPA.—In pursuance of the topic of last evening's conversation,—the structure of fishes, and the peculiar adaptations to the element they inhabit which are observable in them—we may remark that their eyes are admirably fitted to their use and convenience. In those species that are intended to travel far into the depths of the ocean, where, through the dense medium of the water, but little light can reach them, the eyes are in general large, and the crystalline humour, which in quadrupeds is flattened, is nearly globular, in order to enable them to concentrate every ray. Those fishes that inhabit muddy shallows, on the contrary, have very small eyes, and some of them no eyes at all.

HENRY.—By the crystalline humour do not you mean that little hard, white, pea-like substance which is found in their eyes after boiling?

ANNA.—Are sharks very large, Papa?

PAPA.—There are many different species, my dear; some of which, particularly those found on the British shores, are comparatively small and harmless; but the white shark, of which such terrific things are related, is often thirty feet long; and weighs sometimes four thousand pounds. They are the constant dread of sailors in all hot climates, for they generally attend ships in expectation of what may drop overboard. A man that has that misfortune inevitably perishes: they have been seen to dart at him like guineons at a worm.

“Increasing still the terrors of the storm,
His jaws terrific armed with three-fold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark, lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease and death:
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey,—demands themselves;
The stormy fates descend; one death involves
Tyrants and slaves: when straight their mangled limbs
Crushing at once, he dyes the purple seas with gore,
And riots in the vengeful meal.”

HENRY.—Is it not thought, Father, that the fish which swallowed Jonah was a shark?

PAPA.—It is generally supposed so: for a whale's throat would not have been large enough; besides, whales are never found in the Mediterranean, which was the sea, you know, in which Jonah was sailing. I have here the skeleton of a shark's head; and you will easily believe, I think, from its size, that its throat is quite extensive enough to engulf a man: indeed men have been found entire in their stomachs.

There is one thing in the form of the head which you may remark, and which, indeed, is observable in most cartilaginous fishes; the upper jaw considerably overhangs the under, so that the animal is obliged to turn in

that fishes can have no taste; for if the tongue and palate were used for that purpose, teeth situated on them would be very much in the way.

PAPA.—I think it may be reasonably inferred, that they have not: indeed, as they swallow their food whole, they would have no opportunity of exercising it.

HENRY.—What voracious creatures they are!

PAPA.—They are, indeed: but their voracity is abundantly provided for by their great fecundity. A single carp will produce, in one season, more than two hundred thousand eggs; and a cod, nearly four millions.

HENRY.—They prey principally upon each other, I suppose.

PAPA.—Generally speaking, the smaller are food for the larger. They do not, however, depend entirely on each other for subsistence, but will feed on a variety of other things. Some, the mackarel for example, give the preference to vegetables.

HENRY.—Have fishes the sense of touch?

PAPA.—In but a very slight degree; for their fins are mere instruments of motion, and have a very small share of nerves. They have it principally, it is probable, about the snout.

ANNA.—Do fishes breathe in the water, Papa?

PAPA.—Undoubtedly, my dear: no organized being, whether animal or vegetable, can long support life without air. The gills of fishes answer nearly the same purpose as the lungs of animals; they minutely divide the water, and separate the vital air from it, in the same manner as our lungs separate the vital parts of atmospheric air from the other ingredients of which it is composed.

In the operation of breathing, the fish fills its mouth with water, which it swallows with such force, as to drive it through the gills; and when they have deprived it of all the air it contained, it passes out under the *operculum*, or great flap, which covers the gills; in some, however, as the shark, of which I have a drawing here, it escapes by apertures on each side of the neck.



possess, is regulated by the size and form of that part of the brain which is not immediately connected with the organs of the senses.

Z. Z.

A FEW REMARKS

ON THE

DEVOTIONAL READING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

SECTION THE THIRD.

ON THE MANNER OF READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

MANY methods and forms of biblical reading have been suggested and followed; all, perhaps, where the heart is honest, with proportionate success. We should be sorry to seem to impugn any, or be understood to call them useless, if we should intimate that they are insufficient. It is not our meaning or intention.

The appointed reading of the Scriptures in our churches, is a greater blessing, perhaps, than our minds, deadened by custom, are at all times aware of. Thousands become in this way familiar with the language of Scripture, who have no desire to be so, and learn the truth by rote before they have a heart to love it. For a time, it is a dead letter indeed, and makes no impression—the less, perhaps, for its familiarity—but still the memory registers what the feelings reject. And very often it happens, that in moments of suffering, or danger, or despondency, the slighted word comes back, the neglected truths are retraced; and they come with a force and meaning they never had before. And no sooner does divine grace unclothe the thrice-barred heart, than



dangers on the one side, have to be weighed against the danger on the other, that the book might go unread—that the right time might not come—that the desire might not come—that every casual interference of secular duty would put it off—in short, that the reading of the Bible would wait our leisure, and ultimately our idleness. This would be the worst evil of the two; and therefore the appointed season seems desirable; for all at least, but those whose condition and state of mind render this neglect impossible. But while I assent to this prescription of hours, from a conviction that nature is not to be trusted, I feel that the spiritual mind cannot be shackled by it. While it remains as a check in our time of distance and distraction, it will be forgotten when the heart is tuned to piety. They who want happiness cannot wait the appointed time to look for it—they who are walking in a perilous path cannot wait a prescribed hour to consult the way-marks. It is impossible. While the winds are blowing, and the waves are breaking, and the rocks and shoals are at hand, will the mariner wait the striking of the hour to observe his compass and consult his charts? That cannot be; and the heart that has not found it out, has something yet to learn of the value and importance of the Holy Scriptures.

In the public reading, in which I include family reading of the Holy Text, progressive order is perhaps desirable. Individual feelings cannot in this case be consulted; and to go regularly through the books, or certain selected books, ensures the presenting of every part in turn, and provides against ignorance of anything God has thought proper to impart: for to say there is any portion of Scripture that needs not to be known, is I think too much presumption. In private, it does not appear to me that this systematic reading is desirable. Of the many objects we have in view in searching the Scriptures, it appears to me that Knowledge is the only purpose likely to be subserved by this mode of reading. I admit this is a most important object; and to attain it,

ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

some mode of studying the Bible for spiritual, and study other books for secular information, may be recommended, particularly to those whose knowledge is yet but small of God and of his ways. But this is in which regular progress would be very desirable the reading of the whole quite necessary, I would consider as quite distinct and apart from the devotional reading of Scripture—the daily food, the daily medicine to strengthen and refresh the spirit. This should be, not the chapter that happens to come next, the where the ribbon is in—but whatever part will be answer to the desires and necessities of the moment. this I shall speak again.

I have before alluded to the disposition of the and ignorant and unstable in religion, to have recourse to commentaries, under the idea that they cannot understand the text. Commentaries are very valuable; we have some which to despise would indeed be presumptuous. Not for a moment would I be understood to depreciate them, or discourage their use. But I repeat my apprehension, for I know it well ground that many persons are in danger of preferring the Commentary to the Text, and giving less attention to the word than to man's explanation of it. I have seen tender growth of spirituality withering under this substitution of terrestrial for celestial light; and tracing effects to their source, I have found that what began a laudable desire to be assisted, ended, for want of caution, in the transfer of all confidence and all energy from God to man. Let us have recourse to commentaries to explain any text that seems to us obscure; apply any text that we know not what use to make; to resolve any critical or historic difficulty that occurs. Let them be our helps, particularly, when in want of Biblical knowledge. But if we find the sacred become dull, difficult, and unimpressive, without a commentary, it is time to suspect ourselves—something wrong must be in the feeling—it must not go on, I

end in that fatal preference I have described. It is the propensity of our nature, not only to take by preference that which is evil, but to convert into evil in the using, that which itself is good. Nothing can be better or more valuable than the assistance one man's experience can impart to another; the knowledge and wisdom collected and collated for our use, by those who have gone the path of faith before us. Nothing but our own incaution can convert this store of wholesome provision into an enfeebling and dangerous aliment. By all means, therefore, I would commend the use of commentaries, when we feel we can be assisted by them; but not at all times—not as if the Bible had no force or sense without them. This is a dangerous feeling to encourage, and false as it is dangerous; the word of God is and ever will be sufficient for the work whereto he sends it; and perhaps the finest commentary that ever was written on any passage, or all of them united, falls short of the meaning the experienced Christian finds in the first simple words in which the Holy Spirit dictated the text.

Others have considered that it is better to make the Scripture its own interpreter; reading it, instead of a commentary, with the marginal references, and thus pursuing the text to its extent of meaning by reference to others that bear upon it. I have no doubt that great knowledge of the Bible, and very accurate perception of its meaning, would be acquired in this way—better, perhaps, than by any other method whatever. For all the errors that have professed to derive themselves from the Bible, have arisen from taking some parts of it to the exclusion of others.

The method, however, which, in addition and in preference to all or any of these, I would recommend to my young friends, is what I should call the devotional reading of the Scriptures. At appointed seasons, or when the heart suggests it, disposed to it or not disposed, understanding or not understanding, let them

OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

daily read it—shall I say on their knees? I do not know why I should not—for it is the posture of devotion—and if the posture were not a help to devotion, I suppose it would not have been so universally adopted and commended. But at least in the same manner as we would compose their minds for prayer, entering up with the same feelings, and with similar intent.

The first thing necessary to this, would be to improve the mind with a sense of God's presence while we pray. We know, as a matter of credence, that God is always present with us; but to have a perpetual sense and remembrance of it is a high attainment, and can be bestowed only by persons of very deep devotion. Therefore, when we pray, we are accustomed to consider ourselves going to God, as presenting ourselves before him, claiming, as it were, his more direct attention to what we come about. It is this feeling of entering into the immediate presence of the Deity I would have induced in order to read his word with a devotional spirit.

The next essential would be a desire—not a general but a particular desire, for something definite which the Bible we expect to find. I have before said, the objects of our reading are three—Knowledge, Holiness, and Happiness. But these three may be divided into a thousand: and it would be well, when we set about to read, we know exactly what we wish to be informed of—what sin we desire to have removed, or in what point of conduct require to be rectified—what suffering we would have a cure for, what blessing would obtain. Is it said that at the time we might not happen to have any definite desire, yet it would not be well to delay the reading? I have already spoken of those who have no object in reading the Bible but to fulfil a duty of which they do not feel the utility, neither expect from it any benefit. To them we can but add, read on till you do, and then that you may; for till then the Scriptures are a useless letter to you. But if there be any who wish to be

nefted by the perusal, and believe that they might be, and yet do not know what it is they want or may expect—there is a desire at once definable—let their object be to find out what they want, and what the text contains, and for the present let that be the direct purpose for which they go to the perusal.

If the soul is really awakened to a concern for itself, this cannot long be the case. Desires, necessities, demands, will multiply a thousand fold, and from day to day become more urgent; succeeding each other in restless rapidity. Of these, some one or other will predominate, according as we are at the time under the influence of external circumstances or inward emotions; and nothing but a want of self-examination and a culpable ignorance of what passes in our hearts, can prevent our knowing which it is that at the moment predominates. If, however, there should be any such days of insensibility to the pious reader, the best object of pursuit for that time, would, be a cure for the dissipation or the pre-occupation of mind which has so completely with-drawn it from observation of itself. And in this manner, every impediment to the reading of Scripture would become of itself an object of perusing it. For the most part, I believe, the predominant desire would be sufficiently importunate to make itself both felt and understood.

Another requisite to the devotional reading of the word of God, as indeed to all devotion, is that we remember always there must be a third between ourselves and God. Our prayers could never have gone up to him without an Intercessor—his will can never descend into our hearts without an Interpreter. Jesus is the Intercessor between us and the Father—the Holy Spirit is the Interpreter to us of his will. When therefore we would either offer or receive, these must be remembered and their aid obtained. Without the assistance of the Divine Spirit, the Bible cannot be understood by the most wise and learned—with it the peasant or the child

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

will find his intellect enough to compass it. It is sufficient to admit this as a speculative truth, and not forget it. There must be a genuine conviction of incapability, an honest belief of assistance to be given to all who ask it; and this must be recalled to mind every time we go about the task. I fear this is very generally forgotten, or virtually disbelieved; which accounts much of the ill-success complained of in persuasion of God.

We must pursue our subject in the ensuing Section.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

CARE dell'alma stanca albergatrici
Selve, piagge, aure, fonti, ombre, verdure,
Ove amor le mie nere, aspre venture
Col dolce rimembrar tornan felici.

Patria del saggio cor le cui pendici
Sono à naufragi miei sponde sicure!
Deh-qual porgon sovente alle mire cure
Dolci conforto i tuoi silenzi amici!

Qui, povertà con innocenza addita
Come Io passi quaggiù per vie mentoete
La lieta stanza a placida partita.

E qui, pur vegno in moderata sorte
Di sui lusinghe a liberar la vita,
D'e suoi spaventì a disarmar la morte.

Translated—41st Sonnet of Carlo Maria Maggi.

DEAR to the wearied soul! beloved abode!
Ye woods and lawns, and gently murmuring shore,
Here may my bitter griefs resign their load,
And sweet remembrance long lost joys restore.



Land of the chastened heart.—Thy cliffs impending
 Are to my shipwreck'd soul retreat secure :
 Thy friendly silence softest influence blending,
 Sweet comforts to my darkened soul procure.

Here Innocence with Poverty combined,
 Delineate my simple path below ;
 Point to the exit of the chasten'd mind,
 And holy truths thro' tempered visions show.
 They free life's witcheries of their power to charm,
 And Death of all its terrors they disarm.

E. A.

*On hearing it questioned, whether the Sun-rise or the Moonlight is the
 finer scene.*

WHEN the first beam of day scatters gems on the ocean,
 And paints with vermillion the chambers of night—
 When the sun steals a charm from the mist he disperses,
 And turns it to gold, ere he puts it to flight—

When the bird plumes his wing, and prepares for a song,
 The blithest and gayest he sings through the day—
 The lamb leaves the covert, and bounding with joy,
 Returns to the meadows to feast and to play—

Then the eye that is tearless awakens to bliss,
 And looks with delight on the beams as they grow—
 And the heart that is light bids adieu to the hours,
 When it dream'd of the sorrows it wakes not to know.

The Sun-rise to them is the voice of the herald,
 That calls them to pleasure, to mirth, and to bliss—
 The bosom expands with the glittering promise,
 And owns not a scene so enchanting as this.

But 'tis then, when the pale moon is silently stealing,
 Unmark'd of the gay, through the dark vaults of heaven—
 When nature refuses one blithe note of welcome,
 And scarcely reflects back the ray she has given—

When no bird finds a song and no flower uncloses—
 Nor insect awakens to bask in her ray—
 And the objects around us, so silent, so sombre,
 Seem the spectres of things that were living by day—

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

O 'tis then that the sad, and the pensive delight
To gaze on the beam as it sleeps on the tide,
And the child of affliction confesses a charm,
A repose for her sorrows that day-light denied.

'Tis then, that the warm tear of hopeless affection
May fall unproved of the heartless and cold ;
And the bosom, compelled to be cheerful by day,
Be reliev'd of the sighs it is bursting to hold.

The world's narrow interests and fashions forgotten,
Like nature obscur'd in the moon's mellow'd light,
'Tis then that the thoughts and the feelings may soar
To hopes more exalted and pleasures more bright.

The Sun's for the happy, the thoughtless, the gay,
The flowers of summer that feel not the blast—
The Moon's for the pensive, the feeling, the sad,
Whose life's fairest blossom already has past.



EXPECTATION.

Jubilate Deo—Psalm c.

O wait a little, wait !
In other days
My swelling heart has throbb'd
To sing his praise ;

And ask'd the voice of musick,
To employ
The grateful overflow
Of too much joy.

But there moments, moments,
When in vain
The harps of Heaven itself
Might bid the strain.

The bosom silenc'd, still'd,
Beneath its woe,
Can only whisper back,
"Not now, not now."



When Israel on the verge
Of Egypt stood,
The sword behind, before
The pathless flood—

Silently, silently,
On Migdol's plain,
They waited for their God—
They sang not then.

O wait a little, wait!—
The prayer is gone—
The cry of helplessness
Is at the throne—

The answer will be here—
And then, and then
The mournful heart, perhaps,
Will sing again.

Those gloomy, gloomy waters—
Yes, they will part,
And Israel shall go through,
Unsham'd, unhurt—

And all the harmony
Of Seraph's lays—
O they will be too weak
To sing His praise!



Romans v. 5.

FATHER—my spirit springs to thee—
Thou dost on high in glory reign—
Yet is thy throne of majesty
Through Christ, a throne of grace to me,
And never sought in vain.

O blest assurance—great as sweet—
That Lord on whom all worlds depend;
He in whom all perfections meet,
While angels bow before his feet,
Is my unchanging friend.

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

Shine, Sun of Righteousness—still shine
With beams of healing from above :
Thy grace, thy peace, thy mercy mine,
My soul, my all, for ever thine,
In faith, and hope, and love

Z

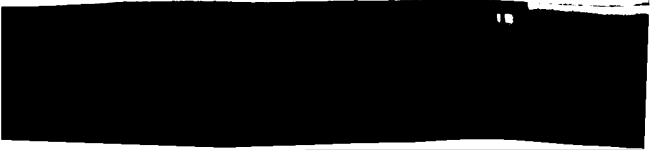
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*Hebrews xiii. 8.*

O THAT my soul could praise ! that I could find  
Some words to tell how all my changing days  
But prove my God unchangeable and kind  
As heretofore—while still fresh mercies bind  
My heart to him in love—which not repays  
His love indeed ; but serves in part to shew  
How all I have is his, to whom my all I owe.

O that I loved thee with a perfect heart !—  
Loved thee, my Saviour, as indeed I ought,  
With heart, and soul, and mind—this grace impart  
By shewing me thy love—that love which bought  
Mine with so great a price—that love unsought,  
Before I knew its sweetness—which alone  
I now discern, the one thing needful to be known.

O that my soul could glorify thy name !  
Indeed I know all creatures shall unite  
To bring thee glory—all thy works proclaim  
Thy wisdom, and thy goodness, and thy might ;  
But to keep *all* thy precepts with delight,  
This is the service I would bring, and prove  
The best obedience flows from liberty and love.

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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*The Fortunate Employ; or, the Five Acres Ploughed—a Tale of real Life.* Price 2s. 6d. Alexis Himkolf, or, the Russian Mariner, by the author of Affection's Gift, &c. Price 1s. 6d. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly. 1827.

*A Present to my Teacher.* Price 1s.—*Evening Amusement, or, little Stories for Good Children.* Price 1s. 6d. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly. 1827.

As it is our misfortune to be obliged to object to many modern story-books, as partaking too much of the character of romance, we feel it right to mention any coming under our observation, to which this objection cannot be made. The two former of the above-mentioned books, are pretty, simple, and quite unobjectionable stories, professing to be narratives of real life. Alexis Himkolf we think a very good book to put into the hands of children. The two last are quite infant's books; but they are very pretty ones.

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## EXTRACTS.

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It is the property of a noble and godlike mind to pardon injuries. Should a madman rail at the sun and call it dark, it would still shine as bright as before. Do thou so also; the sweetest revenge is to forgive. This is one of the highest steps of the soul in her spiritual exercise; and when she has attained it, she rests in God.

To this end God was made man, or the Word became flesh, that he might set before our eyes the living image of his infinite love and kindness; and teach us that God is love; and that man, beholding him as displayed in Christ Jesus, might be transformed into the same image.

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BAKER AND SON, PRINTERS, SOUTHAMPTON.

der it within the limits of Thessaly, is Mount Olympus, supposed to pervade the clouds, and approach the confines of Heaven; whence ancient poets made it the seat and dwelling of the gods. The river Peneus, one of the clearest and most beautiful streams in the world, ran at its foot, dividing it from Ossa, and forming a multitude of islands, covered with trees, adorned with temples, grottoes, and porticoes, of unequalled magnificence. Its height was very great, but not equal to what the ancients supposed. An altar to Jupiter was erected on the summit, where the god was worshipped with peculiar devotion. On the south side of the mountain ran the river Helicon, so famous in classic story, and near it stood a temple of Jupiter in the midst of a sacred grove. Ossa and Pelion, mountains of less size, but scarcely less celebrity, stood in its neighbourhood. Productive in most things, Macedon seems to have derived wealth chiefly from its gold mines, whence immense quantities of the precious metal are said to have been extracted by Philip; the district where they lay having been a perpetual object of contention among the Greek states, till taken possession of by that prince.

Macedon was originally peopled from the more southern parts of Greece, extending themselves inland from the coasts where they had settled first. As far as their government can be traced, they had always a king, but with as much liberty as belonged to the neighbouring commonwealths. The throne was hereditary, and continued in one line from Caramanus, the first settler, to the destruction of Alexander's family. The people seem to have been free and loyal, the princes simple and unostentatious; for Alexander appears to have been the first who wore a diadem and robes of state; and his attempt to introduce the Persian practices of adoration to their princes, was strongly resisted by the Macedonians. Their habits of life also were plain; eating plainly with their friends, amusing themselves generally in hunting, giving great encouragement to learning, and hearing

#### SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

causes among the people in person. This practice continued as long as the kingdom lasted; for Livy says Perseus, the last king, that he sat in an ivory chair, trying all sorts of causes, even those of but little consequence. Great familiarity between the princes and the people is remarkable throughout the history. Alexander's familiar intercourse with the individuals of the army is often mentioned; no one passing unnoticed and unrewarded. It is remarked by an historian, that the friends of the Macedonian kings were not only companions in war, but associates in empire. After their conquests, the captains were made governors, with the court and state of kings. As civil officers, the secretaries were of much importance; they drew up orders, and saw them executed; but the king's signet, which was on his ring, was generally in his custody. Sometimes, for especial purposes, he delivered it to one of his friends, and whatever was sealed with it was sacred and inviolate. The royal physicians were in high consideration in the court, and ranked as family friends. When the kings were sick, the people, even the meanest, offered vows, and made appearance of sorrow as for a near relation; and, in like manner for a relative, they mourned their death.

The Macedonians are described as strict in their morals, and religious after the manner of the times: religion not differing from that of the rest of the Greeks, abounding in idle superstitions and absurd rites. At times they seem to have been fond of large occasional feasts, though generally plain in their living. At these feasts no women were admitted, nothing said that was to be repeated, and the young men might not go down with them till they had killed a boar fairly with their spears, without nets or toils. In the exercises common to Greece, such as wrestling and boxing, they seem to have excelled; also in a sort of military dance which is described as very graceful.

The only law of Macedon was the decree of the



narch; but in capital cases, judgment was given by the army after a fair and open trial. In doubtful cases, the torture was permitted; and certainly, in the reign of Alexander, the blood of his countrymen was as freely shed as that of his enemies. The punishments were various; sometimes the criminal was struck through with darts, sometimes crucified with the head downwards; at other times thrown chained together into rivers; but that which seems to have been the legal and most frequent mode, was stoning to death, when the army, who had been the judges, were also the executioners.

The Macedonian language differed very much from the Greek. It appears in history that the Greeks, who served in Alexander's army, did not understand a discourse delivered in the Macedonian tongue.

War and conquest being the great object of legislation in Macedon, as every where else among these nations, every thing was done to excite military ardour, and perfect military discipline; and no where with more apparent success. The Macedonian phalanx proved a match for every thing except the Roman legion. The king was always the general. When the armies were drawn up for battle, he was used to make an oration, exhorting the soldiers to remember the glory of their ancestors; and he renewed this address to them, as often as occasion offered, after the fight began. If the soldiers were pleased with his speech, they signified it by the clashing of their arms; if it did not affect them, they remained silent. When they charged, they cried out *Alala*, a word with no proper signification, similar to the English *huzza*; and when they desired quarter, the method was to hold up their spears in the air. They encamped in small tents made of skins, two soldiers in a tent; the king had one to himself in the centre of the camp, which seems to have consisted of two apartments—one where the king slept, the other where he saw company. After victories obtained, the king was used to reward all who had distinguished themselves. Those who died in the field

seems to have been afterwards a distinguished king in his own country, but little is known of his actions.

The three sons of Alexander, by their rivalry, involved Macedon in civil as well as foreign war, in which we find the Athenians very actively interfering. This brought the Lacedæmonians also on the field; for every party that had to contend with one of these rival cities, was certain to have recourse to the other. And both as usual contended for their own aggrandizement, rather than for the state that sought their interference. This seems to have been about the condition of Macedon through many succeeding reigns, till, in the year B.C. 360, Philip ascended the throne.

Philip, yet a child, in the tumults of the preceding reign, had been given as a hostage by his brother Perdiccas, and sent to Thebes. There he was placed in the hands of the famous Epaminondas, of whom he learned the art of war; and from a Pythagorean philosopher of great reputation, who resided in his house, the principles of philosophy. This education, probably, determined the character and after distinction of Philip, and under him of Macedon. On the death of his brother, being about twenty-two years of age, he stole secretly to Macedon, where he found an infant on the throne, the people dejected and in confusion; disagreeing among themselves, and expecting foreign invasion. With the full consent of the nation, he was placed on the throne, and quickly changed the colour of affairs by his prudence in legislation and success in war; particularly against the Illyrians, one of the boldest and most warlike people in those parts, who had often been victorious over Macedon, but now were subdued, and obliged to give back their previous conquests.

Philip, from giving security to his kingdom, proceeded to procure its augmentation; attacking his nearer and weaker neighbours first, such as the independent cities of Amphipolis, Pydna, and Potidea. The more distant

began, by large appointments, to hire the orators and statesmen of the republic to his service.

In 350, we find Philip engaged with the Olinthians, against whom, after two years' contest, he prevailed; and exhibited splendid games, and distributed rich rewards in honour of his victories: gaining favour everywhere by affable manners, and abundant distributions of money. This prince was now of sufficient consequence to be appealed to by the cities engaged in the Phocian war; and having succeeded in deceiving the Athenians by promises and treaties, he took the opportunity of passing Thermopylæ, without it being known against whom he meant to turn his forces. Immediately on finding himself in Greece, he commanded his soldiers to crown themselves with laurels, and marched into Phocis, unexpected and unresisted; thus putting an immediate termination to a war that had engaged all Greece in arms. The fate of the captive Phocians he referred to the decision of the Amphictyonic council, by which they were subjected to a heavy tribute, and forbidden the use of horses or arms, till they repaid the money they had taken from the temple of Apollo, the original cause of the war. B.C. 346.

This appears to have been one of the most important achievements of Philip's life, as it gained him honour and influence in Greece, where it was esteemed an act of piety towards the gods, and procured him admittance to the Amphictyonic Council. Athens alone perceived nothing but treachery and danger in the act; and was much disposed to declare war against Philip, now that it had become dangerous and impolitic to do so.

Philip, after further successes in Illyria and Thrace, and invited by Thebes, Argos, and Messene, showed an intention to enter the Peloponnesus—but the union of Sparta and Athens to oppose him, obliged him for the present to forego the enterprize. Conquest, however, was his perpetual object, and he went on augmenting his forces; and appointing Alexander regent in his absence, led them to an attack upon the cities of the Hellespont.

had attempted in vain. He had gained all he wanted in Greece—the power to direct the states at his pleasure; and fearing no further opposition thence, was at liberty to pursue his favourite project of conquering Persia. For this purpose he convoked a general assembly of the Greeks, and prevailed with them to enter into his schemes, and appoint him generalissimo of all their forces. Perhaps this was a reprisal the Greeks had never ceased to desire since the unjust attack upon their country made by Persia, and therefore not an unacceptable proposal.

Thus successful in all his wishes, Philip appears at this time to have been disturbed only by domestic dissensions. For some cause not understood, he divorced his wife Olympias, and married Cleopatra, the niece of Attalus. This, with other circumstances, set the young Alexander at variance with his father. Excited by wine and provocation, he drew his sword upon the king at the nuptial feast; and though mischief was prevented by the courtiers, Alexander was obliged to retire with his mother to Epirus. It was not long before he was recalled. His conduct towards his father seems to have no justification, for Philip had, at all times, preferred and trained him to be the sole heir of his dominions. At his birth, he wrote thus to Aristotle, under whose care he was placed as soon as he was capable of instruction—"You are to know I have a son. I thank the gods for it; not so much for that they have given me one, as that he is born contemporary with Aristotle. I promise myself, from your care, he will become worthy of succeeding and governing in Macedon."

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#### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*I have meat to eat that ye know not of.*—JOHN iv. 32.

JESUS was a man like ourselves—Jesus could hunger and could thirst as we do. It was by no exercise

#### PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

of his godhead he was supported through the trials and necessities of his humiliation. Jesus was supported, held and comforted as we are—and when he had bread to eat of which the world knew not, it was the same bread invisible with which the Father feeds every one of his that walks in his Saviour's footsteps. Let not the world wonder then, if it find the servant where these principles found the Master—foregoing, forgetting the necessities, the natural desires of humanity, for hastening to do the will of their Father, and finish the task assigned them. If the heart seem full in the midst of destitution—if the eye be cheerful and the brow composed in the midst of disappointment and difficulty, it is not because they cannot feel, because they cannot desire, because the world has not left them comfortless—it is because in meat and drink, their first desire and their best delight, to do the will of God and to have it done. In sufferings, privations, and disappointments,—let his will be done, the spirit's holy sustenance. In darkness, dangers and difficulties, “His will shall be done” is its sweet sustent confidence. And let those who know not this as we, whose hearts are sunk with sadness, whose steps are failing them for fear—let them but look on Him who went the way before them—he hungered even as we hungered—they will be fed as he was fed. In measure there was difference, but none in kind. Jesus suffered more than all, and he received grace more abundantly—not in measure as the Scripture says—but still he received it, nor was he more sufficient to himself in his humanity than we are. And let us seek our food where he did—and as he did, supply our deficiency of this world's good, and ease the torment of this world's ill, in seeking in doing and loving the Father's will. Be assured it suffices—it has sufficed thousands in their utmost extremity of ill—it satisfied Jesus first, and has satisfied all who have followed in his footsteps since.

*Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool.—JOHN v. 7.*

CIRCUMSTANCES, unfavourable circumstances, no opportunities, no pious friend, or minister, or judicious counsellor—these are the answers Jesus hears, when he asks the diseased and sickening spirit to be made whole. Impotent indeed, as he of old, to save and sanctify themselves, though the way of life is before them they enter not; or entering, stand trembling and complaining on the threshold. Invited, exhorted to go forward, they plead their disadvantages, the want of external help, the intercourse of the world, and their place of abode, and other peculiarities of their situation. And believing their own plea, they either make themselves easy in a very doubtful state, or fret themselves to despair lest their outward condition be their ruin. O mark the words of Jesus! How simple, how peremptory, how sufficient! He takes no account of the thirty years and eight of crippled infirmity. He makes no mention of the unhelped, unfriended condition in which the sick man lay. His only question was, “Wilt thou be made whole?”—his only answer was, “Arise, take up thy bed and walk.” When Jesus offers salvation by his blood, and sanctification by his spirit, he does not offer what he cannot give, nor needs the aid of circumstance to help him in what he undertakes. Oh! do not answer him with buts—with circumstances—with infirmities. Say a willing “yes” to his proposal, and when he bids, arise. There is nothing that really impedes our progress in the path of holiness, but our own dishonesty or mistrust. We like the indolence of our sickness, and are not in a hurry to be whole—or we do not believe that Jesus can make us so without any help but his own holy word. And so we lie loitering, calculating, wishing, expecting—while simple, honest, unquestioning obedience to his word, is all that is necessary to our progress. How wise had the cripple been, if he had done so.

sufficiency of divine love and heavenly expectation to satisfy the soul, is gone. And then the heart begins to bewail itself, and wonders what is become of the light it had, or sees to be so bright on other bosoms. It feels the restless tossings to and fro of an unstable spirit, and wonders where is gone the firm foundation of its hopes. Disappointments, and anxieties, and mortifications, compass it about, and it wonders what is the matter that it finds no peace. Like Jonah, the spirit is in the deep, but it knows not how it came there. It does not remember that the secret of a Christian's peace, is his emancipation from the desires, fashions, and contentious purposes of the world, and must be forfeited, if he will turn back to observe them. If any be not enjoying the fruits of the Spirit, which are holiness, and peace, and joy, let them consider these words.

*Si quelqu'un parle, qu'il parle comme les oracles de Dieu.*

1 PIERRE iv. 11.

LE premier devoir que la loi de la charité envers nos frères exige de nous, est le devoir de la vérité. Nous ne devons pas à tous les hommes des soins, des prévenances, des empresses ; nous leur devons à tous la vérité. Les différentes situations que la naissance et les dignités nous donnent dans le monde, diversifient nos devoirs à l'égard de nos frères ; celui de la vérité, dans toutes les situations, est le même. Nous la devons aux grands comme aux petits ; à nos sujets comme à nos maîtres ; à ceux qui l'aiment comme à ceux qui la haïssent ; à ceux qui veulent s'en servir contre nous, comme à ceux qui désirent en faire usage pour eux-mêmes. Il est des conjonctures, où la prudence permet de cacher et de dissimuler l'amour que nous avons pour nos frères ; il n'en est point où il nous soit permis de leur dissimuler la vérité ; en un mot, la vérité n'est point à nous ; nous n'en sommes que les témoins, les défenseurs, et les dépositaires. C'est la lumière de Dieu qui doit éclairer le monde ; et lorsque nous la dissimulons, nous sommes

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

injustes envers nos frères à qui elle appartient comme nous, et ingrat envers le Père des lumières qui l'a rendue dans notre âme. Je conviens qu'il est un temps de taire et un temps de parler ; et que le zèle de la vérité a ses règles et sa mesure : mais je ne voudrais pas qu'aux âmes qui connaissent Dieu, et qui le servent, entendent tous les jours les maximes de la religion renverser la réputation de leurs frères attaquée, les abus les criminels du monde justifiés, sans oser prendre les intérêts de la vérité qu'on déshonore. Je ne voudrais que le monde eût ses partisans déclarés, et que Jésus-Christ ne pût trouver les seins ; je ne voudrais pas que les gens de bien se fissent une fausse bienséance de simuler les égarements des pécheurs, dont ils sont trop cesse témoins ; tandis que les pécheurs regardent avec un bon air de se soutenir devant eux, et de les défendre. Je voudrais qu'une âme fidèle comprit qu'elle est redevable qu'à la vérité ; qu'elle n'est sur la terre que pour rendre gloire à la vérité ; je voudrais qu'elle portât sur le front cette noble fierté qu'inspire la grâce ; cette candeur héroïque que produit le mépris du monde et toute sa gloire ; cette liberté généreuse et chrétienne qui n'attend rien que les biens éternels, qui n'espère que de Dieu, qui ne craint rien que sa propre conscience qui ne ménage rien que les intérêts de la justice et de la charité. Je voudrais que la présence seule d'une âme juste imposât silence aux ennemis de la religion ; respectassent le caractère de la vérité qu'elle doit avoir gravée sur le front ; qu'ils craignissent sa sainte générosité, et qu'ils rendissent du moins hommage, par leur silence et leur confusion, à la vertu qu'ils méprisent en secret.

MASSILLON

## THE LISTENER.—No. XLVII.

IN early spring—in that animated month, when all things return to life, but that which returns to it never—when all revives, and lives again, and blossoms again, and enjoys again, except that which blooms but once, and fades but once, and returns to its delights no more—when every thing is gay, but the heart whose wintry blighting seems but the sadder, amid the budding of surrounding joy—In the morning of such a spring, I was walking by the side of a stream. A thousand, thousand flowers were on its banks, and the brightest of sun-beams on its waters. Attracted by some blossom half hidden in the osiers, many a time I stooped in eager anticipation of finding something new: or, deceived by distance, ventured the unsteady footing of the bank, to reach what seemed an unknown plant. When attained, they proved no other than the flowers of every meadow, and of every spring, a thousand times gathered and despised. They could blow again, and be beautiful again; but they could not bring again the eager animation with which curiosity examined them at first, or the delight with which the eye of taste dwelt first upon their charms. No—it is this impossibility of renewing foregone pleasures, this necessity of proceeding, that makes the circle of the returning year so dissonant sometimes to the feelings of humanity, when long and deeply tried, and experienced like him of old, in the insufficiency of this world's pleasures and pursuits.

Thus was I thinking, when interrupted by the approach of one, whom, from the little tin box, and the look of research, I perceived to be a botanist also. He scarcely approached me, when opening his box with carefulness, “If you are a botanist,” he said, “I have something worth your seeing.” The treasure was soon exhibited. It was a flower, or as the unlearned would have said, a weed, of extreme rarity. Botanical regis-

the Horticultural Society—Camillias as big as a cabbage, and Roses as black as a Sloe-berry. He did not so much as drop his eye upon my weed. Hope lived again when I got sight of a naturalist—a man of science—a man who had studied Linnæus from his youth up, and published treatises upon every thing. Well said the wise man, "Pride goes before a fall." While I was getting up my generosity to offer him a part, the naturalist took my flower, twisted it between his fingers, looked at it through his glass, and carelessly returning it to the box, said he did not believe it was the plant we took it for.

There is a flower—Heaven's garlands are woven of its leaves, and its blossoms are twined through the crowns of immortality. It is not a native of earth. It was planted in Paradise, and withered even there. Once only, in its perfectness of beauty, it came within the reach of mortal men; blossomed, dropt a seed, and disappeared. The transcript of its characters remains. The outward form, the secret properties are faithfully recorded. Men talk of its beauties and its worth. But where is the residue of its growth on earth? Who finds it, who values it, who knows it when they see it?

I have been desired to write upon Humility. I paused awhile, to listen and meditate before I spoke. I heard little that could help me in the task—often, often, as I heard the word. From one end of society to the other, I heard men charge each other with the want of it; but the praise of it fell nowhere—unless on some who gave it to themselves. The sensual and the wise, standing ever well with themselves, nothing misgiving of their ruined state, unconscious utterly of their corruption, satisfied with themselves and their deservings, in spite of all that Heaven has denounced against them, charge the want of Humility on all religious people in the mass; because they profess to have a better portion, and a fairer hope. Every sect and party of religion charges the same fault upon its opponents, for pre-

her who bathed his feet with tears, taking pleasure in the demonstration of affection from one by whose very touch the Pharisee would have thought himself defiled, then his humility was ignorance. "Were this man a prophet, he would know this woman is a sinner." When he spake as never man spake the truth and wisdom of his Father, then again he was proud—"Art thou wiser than our father Abraham?" And in that last and lowest humiliation, when the sinless died under the obloquy of sin, his previous boast, his high pretensions supplied mockery for the rabble—pride was the first and last reproach of the meek and lowly Jesus.

To those, then, who are so free to charge the children of God with want of humility, I would say, Of this be sure, the more you see of it, the less will you like it. The more abundant in any character shall be its growth, the less agreeable that character will be to you. That flower you affect to look for, would seem, if you found it, an offensive weed. And if it could be exhibited in the saint as perfectly as in his Lord, it would meet with the same acceptance now as it did then. You would not know it when you saw it, nor like it if shown to you.

To them who would find and cultivate in their own bosoms this plant of Heaven, I would say, Be sure that you mistake it not for something else; and ignorantly rooting out the holy germ, cherish and foster some ill weed instead. It is common to hear people say of themselves, that they are humble before God, but not before men. I do not perfectly understand what is meant by this. If it means that they are not humble in the sight of men, in the opinions of men, let them remember Jesus was not. If it means that there is no growth of Humility in their conduct and feelings towards each other, they would do well to doubt if there be any before God; for there is in the heart of man no barren principle, however slow may sometimes be its growth, and long its fruit in ripening to perfection. Depend upon this—the features of true Humility are not acceptable to the world, and cannot be; for they are op-

when they received it all from God. Neither the saint, who has sufficient proof of God's pardoning love, is proud, because he knows and says, he is the heir of everlasting life; though he would be so, did he think he had the promise for any deserving of his own.

To man in himself this is not impossible; for his iniquity is deeper than he ever yet has fathomed. He, therefore, who thinks worst of himself, is in this respect most humble; because he is nearest to the just appreciation of his character. And as every man has more opportunity of taking the due measure of his own corruption than that of any one beside, I doubt if any one is really humble till he thinks there is not a living being so unworthy as himself. From the want of this humility comes all that anger, that impatience, that bitterness, that malignant speaking against others' sin, which a growing knowledge of our own will shame to silence.

Another essential of Humility, is a just appreciation of our circumstances; by which I intend all that is not within our own responsibility, whether intellectual or extrinsic. The prince who should please to suppose himself a peasant, and act the part of one, would show no humility by doing so; nor the man of talent, nor the scholar, who has spent his life in study, should he profess to know less than the unlettered hind, and be led by his judgment when he ought to have guided him with his own. He is humble, when justly appreciating what he is in comparison with those around him, he knows that the distinctions of wealth, and rank, and intellect, are of no intrinsic value to-day, and will be gone to-morrow—and feels more shame for the use of them, than pride in the possession—and takes no more glory to himself for his endowments, than he would give to a servant whom he should lade with gold to do his errands; but rather carries them, as the pack-horse some precious load—a charge, but no honour. This is the humility, the want of which produces so much arrogance and contempt; the pride of birth, and wealth, and intellect, and that eager

come in love with the dependence that obliges him to receive all things from his Father's bounty. In respect of circumstances, there is a very subtle pride I have observed, in people who think meanly of themselves, of their pretensions and attainments, and so might fancy themselves very humble. But they are impatient of any one who excels them—they cannot endure to be superseded—they look with almost malignant envy on their superiors in talent or condition—and fret themselves with perpetual uneasiness about their own inferiority. This is not humility. Witness its fruits. Detraction, envy, tenacious sensibility of affronts, jealous suspicion of neglects, and impatient yearnings against providence for denying us advantages we are not satisfied to be without. Humility will silence these. It knows we have no claim to what we have, much less to more—it wonders why providence gives anything, not why it gives so little—and having used our talents to so little purpose, it is grateful that they were not more.

Such, it appears to me, are the principal branches of that heaven-planted root. Many-coloured indeed are the blossoms they put forth, to bless the world that disregards them; acceptable to God, but of little beauty in the estimate of men. It is easy to perceive that sentiments like these would be sufficient to constitute the principle of Humility; and however far they lie beyond the reach of human scrutiny—and they are beyond the reach of any scrutiny but God's—the heart that is possessed by them is humble in his sight, whatever men may think of it. To ourselves and to each other the existence of the principle of Humility, like that of every other principle, can be verified only by the manifestations of its fruits. I am not afraid, however, that these should long be wanting, where sentiments such as I have described are really implanted in a bosom. There may be no flower—there may be no bud—there may be no full-blown leaf—the careless may walk over the poor feeble weed, and the wise be doubtful of its charac-

service was laughed to scorn, the spiritual jurisdiction, authority, honour, power, policy, laws, rites, ceremonies, curses, keys, censures, and canonical sanctions of the church were had in utter contempt: so that all in a manner was come to nought."

Of this formidable catalogue of ills, the cause was declared to be, "that the hereticks and lollards of Wickliffe's opinion were suffered to preach abroad so boldly, to gather conventicles unto them, to keep schools in men's houses, to make books, compile treatises, and write ballets; to teach privately in angles and corners, as in woods, fields, meadows, pastures, groves, and in caves of the ground. This would be, they said, a destruction to the commonwealth, a subversion to the land, and an utter decay of the king's estate royal, if remedy were not sought in time. And this was their policy, to couple the king's authority with that they had done in their former counsel of craft, and so to make it thereby the stronger: for they perceived themselves very far too weak else, to follow against their enemies that they had so largely enterprised."

To condemn Lord Cobham and the bible, was the easy remedy proposed for so much mischief. And "upon this complaint the king immediately called a parliament at Leicester. It might not be in those days holden at Westminster, for the great fame that the Lord Cobham had, both in London and about the city. In the said parliament, the king made this most blasphemous and cruel act, to be as a law for ever: That whosoever should read the scriptures in the mother tongue, which was then called Wickliffe's learning, they should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods, from their heirs for ever, and so be condemned for hereticks to God, enemies to the crown, and most errant traitors to the land."

Upon the issuing of this decree, it is added, "many fled out of the land into Germany, Bohemia, France, Spain, Portugal, and into the kingdom of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, working there many marvels against

hands of God, and so departed hence most christianly, his body resolved into ashes. And this was done in the year of our Lord 1418, which was the sixth year of the reign of king Henry V., the people there present showing great dolour. How the priests that time fared, blasphemed, and cursed, requiring the people not to pray for him, for that he departed not in the obedience of their pope, it were long to write. Right dear, saith David, in the sight of God, is the death of his true servants. Thus resteth the valiant christian knight Sir John Oldcastle, under the altar of God, which is Jesus Christ, among that goodly company, which in the kingdom of patience suffered great tribulation with the death of their bodies, for his faithful word and testimony, abiding there with them, the fulfilling of their whole number, and the full restoration of his elects. The which he grant in effect at his time appointed, which is one God eternal! Amen."

We cannot forbear adding a few records of the succeeding times, marking the progress of the reformation in England, previous to the appearance of Luther's writings; a beautiful picture of the light of truth, struggling with the darkness of bigotry and superstition.

"As the light of the Gospel began more to appear, and the number of the professors to grow, so the vehemence of persecution, and stir of the bishops began also to increase. Whereupon ensued great perturbation and grievous affliction in divers and sundry quarters of this realm. And this was before the name of Luther was heard of in these countries among the people. Certes the fervent zeal of those Christian days seemed much superior to these our days and times: as manifestly may appear by their sitting up all night in reading and hearing, also by their expenses and charges in buying of books in English: of whom some gave five marks, some more, some less, for a book. Some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or of St. Paul in English. In which rarity of books and want of teachers, this one

LORD CORHAM.

thing I greatly marvel and muse at, to note in the registers, and to consider how the word of truth notwithstanding did multiply so exceedingly, as it did among us. Wherein is to be seen, no doubt, the marvellous workings of God's power. For so I find and observe considering the Registers, how one neighbour, resorting and conferring with another, oftsoon with a few words at first or second talk, did win or turn their minds wherein they desired to persuade them, touch the truth of God's word and his sacrament. To see their travails, their earnest seeking, their burning zeal in reading, their watchings, their sweet assemblies in love and concord, their godly living, their faithful living with the faithful, may make us now in the days of free profession to blush for shame."

"To Robert Wisdom, it was objected in the year 1540, among other articles, that he said, 'I thank God to see the day, that maids will sing Scripture from their wheels, and ploughmen at their plough.' To which charge he answered, 'I thank God, through my Lord Jesus Christ, I have seen that day.' Of another it is said, 'The crimes whereupon he was examined and confessed, were these; that he had been five times taken by William Sweeting in the fields keeping beasts, but he had read many good things out of a certain book.'

"In the year 1532, Thomas Harding, about the holidays, when the other people went to the church, went by his way into the woods, there solitarily to worship the true living God in spirit and in truth. Where, as he was occupied in reading a book of English prayers, he was taken or sitting upon a stile by the wood's side, it chanced that one did espy him where he was, and came in great haste to the officers of the town, declaring that he had taken Thomas Harding in a wood, looking on a book. Whereupon immediately a rude rabble of them, like mad men, came desperately to his house, to search for books; and searching, went so nigh, that under the boards of the floor, they found certain English books of Holy

ture. Whereupon this godly father, with his books, was brought before John Longland, bishop of Lincoln. The event was, that he was burned as a relapsed heretic. Such as died in prison, we are told, were wont to be thrown out to dogs and birds, as unworthy of Christian burial. And yet, all this their merciless command notwithstanding, some good men there were, which buried those commonly who were thrown out in like sort, whom they were wont privily by night to cover; and many times the archers in the fields standing by, and singing together psalms at their funeral."

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

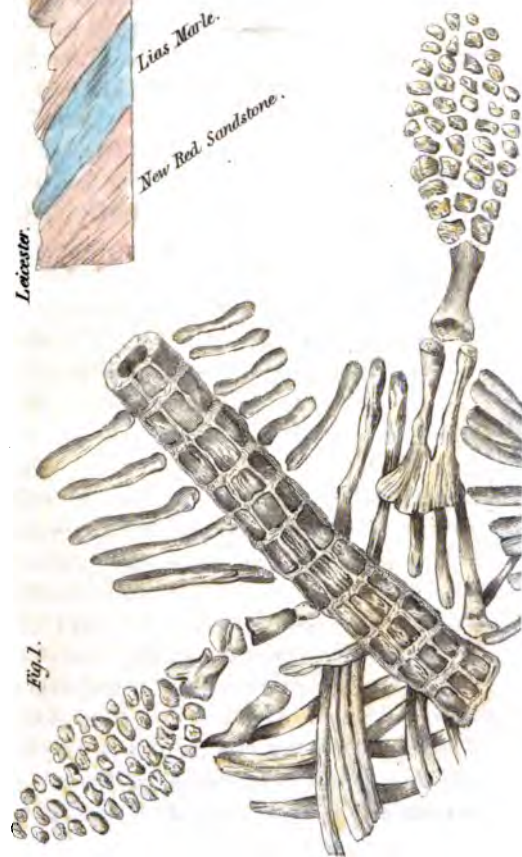
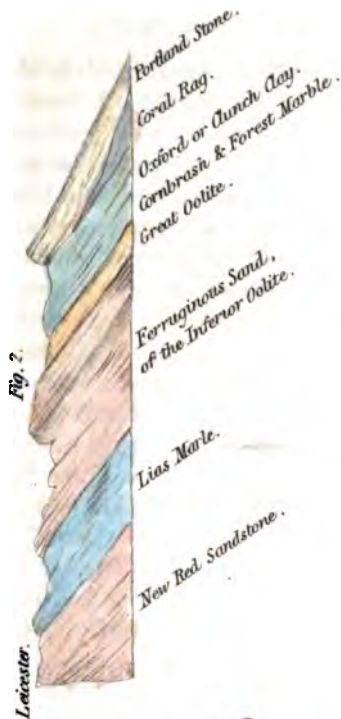
### CONVERSATION XXIII.

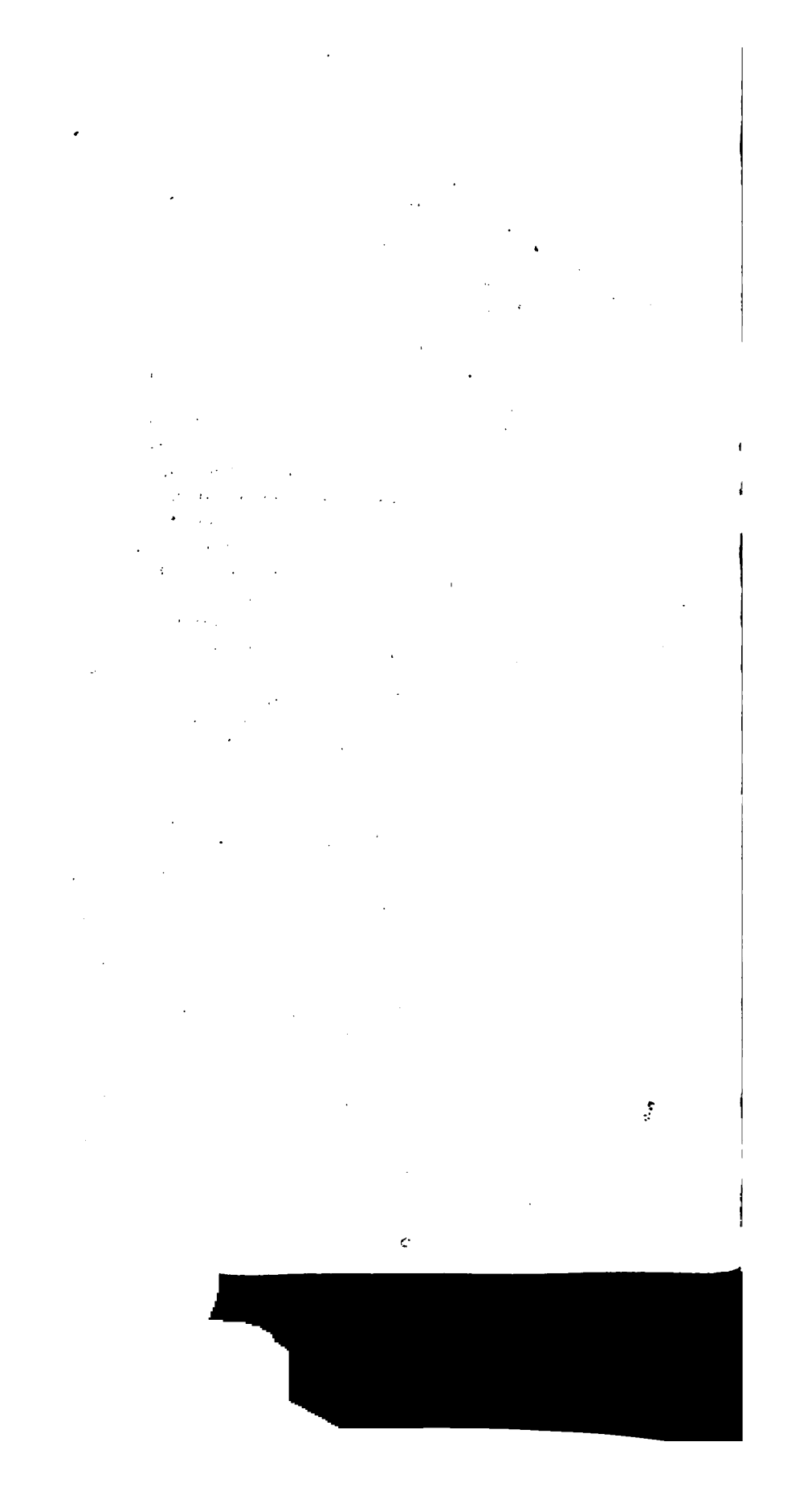
Iron Sand—Fuller's Earth—Meteoric Iron—Iron Ore—Umber—Ochre—Loadstone—Pyrites—Chert—Weald Clay—Petworth Marble—Vivipara.

ANNE.—I think we must be approaching to the Chalk formation, which I have long been expecting with some curiosity. It has an appearance in nature so different from every other, and so often presenting itself in our Landscape.

MRS. L.—We have yet an intervening Stratum, or rather a series of Strata, for there is a succession of many beds, which fills up the space between the Oolites and the Chalk; to the depth, in the greater part of their course, of not less than 1000 feet. These are the Siliceous Sands, which are universally to be found under the Chalk; and where the Chalk ceases, form the soil of very extensive tracts of country; particularly in our Southern Counties, where these Strata can best be studied.

The lowest bed of this formation is the Iron Sand, of a deep ferruginous hue, derived from the quantity of





#### CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

Oxide of Iron contained in it. A bed of Clay this Sand from one above it, called the Gree Formation, on account of a substance of a colour that pervades it. Above this, is a bed of called Chalk Marle, which seems to be little else admixture of the Chalk above, and the Sand below.

MAT.—These, then, are the rich red cliffs that alternately with the white Chalk Cliffs on the Sussex.

MRS. L.—They are so; and there is no place which they can be so well examined as in the neighbourhood of Hastings. The tracts of Iron Sand strike the eye, by the deep red-brown of the soil; where the Iron happens to be less abundant, they come yellow, or even of a light buff. Often, the contained in this Sand was of sufficient quantity to make it worth working as an ore, when there was sufficient wood in the country to afford fuel for melting the spot. But as that is not now the case, and expensive to bring coal for the purpose, I believe iron-works remain in the southern counties.

The Iron Sand often contains considerable quantities of Fossil Wood, and even regular beds of wood, a circumstance that has led to expensive, but successful efforts, to dig coal at Bexhill in Sussex.

ANNE.—But might it not be possible to find coal there?

MRS. L.—As Coal seems to be the result of a mineralizing process on decayed vegetable substances, it is natural that small quantities, more recent than the great formation, should occur. But it is equally probable, that it should be found in any sufficient quantity to be worth digging; because so immense a quantity of vegetable ruins was necessary to produce it, that but the destruction of the vegetable world, and again and again, as appears in the great Coal formations, would be sufficient to supply the materials for a Coal mine to form itself, even if the circumstances

favourable; as certainly in these beds there are many resemblances to those in which the Coal was formed.

Beds of Fuller's Earth, which occasionally alternate with the Iron Sand, have been extensively worked in Bedfordshire. You remember our former mention of this substance?

ANNE.—Yes—as one of the Steatite or Soap-stone family. It seems to have no place of its own, but to mix itself with other substances.

MRS. L.—Not so much to mix with them, as to occur occasionally between their beds; for it is always a separate and distinct mass; in the same manner as the metals, and several other most important substances occur.

MAT.—You promised, I think, to give us more particulars of Iron, and the forms under which it appears.

MRS. L.—The forms in which Iron shows itself are almost innumerable. It mixes with most of the substances found in the earth, and is supposed to supply the colouring to many of them. Of its more obvious forms I will show you a few specimens. Pure native Iron has rarely, if ever, been found; except in those extraordinary meteoric balls, found occasionally in different parts of the world, and seeming to have fallen from the atmosphere; but of which the origin is quite inexplicable. The common Iron Ore of England is the Clay Iron Stone, a hard, smooth, dark stone, which you would take for flint; from which the metal is extracted by burning, with considerable labour and expense. *Fig. 1, Plate 1.* Another species of Iron is Umber, used in painting, of which the natural appearance is nearly the same as the above, but redder. Ochre of various kinds is an Oxide of Iron. *Fig. 2.* Many species of Iron are strongly magnetic, particularly the meteoric balls I have mentioned; and the Natural Loadstone, which you will like to see. *Fig. 3.* The Iron Pyrites, a compound of Sulphur and Iron, which so frequently presents itself among the different Strata we have been speaking of, is found

Vivipara, which being in its recent state a fresh-water shell, has led to the supposition that the Clay must have been deposited by an inundation of fresh water: but that it is really the same species as the recent Vivipara, seems not positively ascertained. This formation covers broad, uniform vallies, seldom rising into hills of any considerable height.

The last substance of these Sandy deposits, is the Green Sand—important from its quantity, and the number and beauty of its organic remains: but we must defer the description of them till our next conversation.

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## SERIES OF ESSAYS ON THE SUBJECT OF ARCHITECTURE.

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### ESSAY THE FOURTH.

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#### INDIAN ARCHITECTURE.

IN tracing the progress of Architecture, some notice is due to the ancient Temples of India, those immense excavations, more wonderful even than the massy fabricks of Egypt, and possibly more ancient; though it has been considered probable that the art was received thence by the Hindoos, from the circumstance of the Sphinx being found among their statues. There is no history of either, except a legend of the country, which reports that the temples of Elora were executed in one night, by a race of giants.

Here the idea was not to withdraw the material from the native bed, and stone by stone to erect the edifice; but, as it stood, to form the building out of the solid rock, without detaching any part of it: for of the hundreds of figures and other ornaments that adorn these temples, not one is separated entirely from the rock.

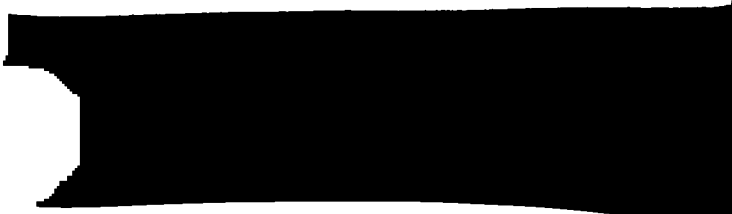
To describe these wonderful excavations is not within



of precious stones, and are dressed in the present fashion of India. Great numbers of animals are also introduced."

At Salsette the caverns are hewn in the side of the hill. The front is described as carved into stories or galleries, to separate ranges of apartments, to the number of three hundred. The largest of these pagodas is said to be 40 feet high, with an arched roof, supported by 35 massy pillars of an octagonal form, of five feet diameter; the capitals and bases ornamented with figures of elephants, horses, &c., executed with exactness and skill. The portico is very spacious, in which are two colossal statues, 27 feet in height, of excellent proportion, placed on each side of the entrance to the temple. It is thought that most of the ornamental sculpture, like the Egyptian, was originally painted.

Of the excavations in the Elora Mountains, which have been seldom seen, still more extraordinary descriptions have been given, as to beauty, number and extent; the architecture being much of the same character. We there hear of a stupendous Temple, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing firm on its native rock, but separated from the surrounding mountain by an area 250 feet deep and 150 feet broad. In the centre of this deep area the Temple rises about 100 feet; its length 145 feet by 62 broad; having well-formed doorways, windows, staircases, to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars; the whole mass being about 500 feet in circumference. Around the area are three galleries of rooms, supported by pillars and full of gigantic figures, and connected by bridges with the centre Temple. And this we are told is but one of many of equal extent and magnificence. We will not attempt to describe it, with its porticoes, galleries and piazzas: or give more than a slight sketch of a small portion of these rocky halls; sufficient to show their style of Architecture. *Fig. 2.*



## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

A different form of Temple, found among the clefts of the Elora Mountain, and supposed to be of recent date, though equally unknown, called the Temple of Visvacarma, is thus described—"It is hewn out of the rock, penetrating into it 130 feet; exhibiting a delicious temple, having an arched or circular roof, supported by octangular pillars reaching the whole length of the temple to the farthest or eastern end, where stands an immense mass of rock as an altar, in front of which are placed figures. From the sides of the roof there are arched projections of the rock, as if to imitate banyan wood, extending over the whole roof, and between them is placed a figure. We have only room for a small portion of this curious cavern, which appears to resemble those at Salsette, as before described.

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### SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

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#### CONVERSATION XXI.

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CLASS, VERTEBRATA—SUB-CLASS, FISHES.

*Electric Properties, Vital Temperature, and Migration.*

HENRY.—The most singular property belonging to fishes, Father, appears to me to be the power which some of them possess of communicating an electric shock.

PAPA.—It certainly is a most interesting phenomenon. You are aware, however, that it exists in but a small number of the species: I believe there are only five which are at present known to possess it: the torpedo and the electrical eel are the best known to us.

ANNA.—Are they found on our shores?

PAPA.—Torpedos are found in most of the Indian seas.

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seas, and are by no means uncommon on the British coasts; but the electric eel is peculiar to South America, where it is met with only in the rocky parts of rivers, at a great distance from the sea.

The phenomena exhibited by electric fishes are of so extraordinary a nature, that although they have engaged the attention of every physiologist who has had the opportunity of observing them, they have never yet been fully and satisfactorily accounted for. I cannot, therefore, attempt an explanation of them, but shall merely remark, that they seem to be produced in a manner different from every other species of physical electricity.

HENRY.—Does not the gymnotus, or electric eel, possess the power in the greatest degree?

PAPA.—It does; but all the electric fishes are capable of exciting in other animals a sensation resembling that produced from the shock of an electrical jar. The gymnotus, which, in Surinam, is said to grow sometimes to the length of twenty feet, is able to give shocks, which prove instantaneously fatal to any person receiving them. Next to the gymnotus, the torpedo possesses the power in the greatest degree. Mr. Humboldt states, that one, only fourteen inches long, communicated shocks which reached above the elbow, and were difficult to bear, even by a person accustomed to receive shocks from an electrical machine. None of these animals, however, communicate the shock at all times with equal force; much necessarily depends on the vigour of the animal.

HENRY.—The torpedo has the additional power of sometimes benumbing the part which touches it.

PAPA.—It has; and it is from this circumstance that it derives its name. The production of numbness, it is thought, is owing to a succession of very minute shocks, so closely following each other, as not to be distinguishable.

ANNA.—Of what use is this electrical property to fishes?

PAPA.—It is probably employed to kill, or at least to

## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

stupidify other fishes upon which they prey. It must furnish an excellent defence for them against fishes, who might otherwise devour them.

HENRY.—Have fishes any standard heat, Father?

PAPA.—You mean to ask, whether, like beasts and birds, they possess a fixed degree of temperature, cannot be materially altered without inconvenience to them. They certainly do not. One of their characters is, you know, being *cold-blooded*; it is asserted, that they can be entirely frozen, and afterwards restored to life; and though I have some doubts as to the truth of this, it is beyond all question, that they suffer great alterations in their natural temperature without serious injury. Their temperature is in general the same with that of the water in which they live; those that live in the sea are some degrees colder than those that inhabit fresh water.

The migration of certain fish, at certain seasons of the year, and to certain coasts, is among those provisions of Providence which are calculated to excite our admiration and gratitude, for it affords us opportunities of procuring them with great ease; and in vast quantities. Probably, Anna, did not know that the herring, a mackerel, and other fish that are taken in such abundance on our shores, are not produced there, but they come from distant seas, and are led by instinct to place themselves within our reach.

HENRY.—What is the reason of these periodical migrations?

PAPA.—In most instances, they appear to be taken, either to deposit spawn or to obtain food. The herring, for instance, whose winter rendezvous is in the Icy Sea, removes southward, to deposit spawn in a warmer latitude, and is tempted to our shores by a small animal called the Sea Caterpillar; of such multitudes appear on the coasts of Normandy in the months of June, July, and August, that they look like a scum on the sea. In pursuit of them, the

swim in vast shoals; and it is probably to their presence that the herring-fishery is owing. The mackarel comes down regularly, at certain seasons of the year, in the same manner, and probably for similar reasons. This fish is, as I have before told you, a herb-eater, and is particularly fond of that sea plant, called by naturalists, the *narrow-leaved purple palmated sea wrack*, which grows in great abundance on the shores of England. It seems therefore, that the occasion of the visits we receive from such vast shoals of these fish, is, that they may feed on that plant, which is in its greatest perfection about the time they make their appearance.

HENRY.—It is a very merciful arrangement, Father, not only that such fish as are suited for our food are thus instinctively led to visit us, but that they are so exceedingly numerous.

PAPA.—Your remark is just. While the rapacious shark produces its young ones singly, the herring, the mackarel, and the cod yield theirs by thousands and millions in a season. The herring, especially, is numerous beyond conception. The shoal that sets out in the middle of winter from the Arctic Seas, is composed of such multitudes as exceed the power of imagination. Although they are attacked in their course, and devoured in great numbers by the sun-fish, the cachelot, the porpus, the grampus, the shark, the codfish, the haddock, &c., and by innumerable flocks of sea-fowl that inhabit the northern regions near the pole; and although at a certain latitude this main body separates into two great divisions, of which the one turns westward, and pours down the shores of America; the other division, which takes a more eastern direction towards Europe, on its arrival on the coast of Iceland, consists of a phalanx of such extent, depth, and closeness, as to occupy a surface equal to the dimensions of Great Britain and Ireland.

HENRY.—It really seems almost incredible.

ANNA.—Do they float in such a body down our seas?

PAPA.—This body is subdivided into columns of five

#### THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth. The Shetland islands, also, which they meet in the sea, separate it into two detachments, of which the one skirts along the east side of Britain, and pays its visits to the Orkneys, the coasts of Aberdeen, of Scarborough of Holland, &c., and the other pursues its course along the western shore, and from thence towards the coast of Ireland; where, meeting with a second interruption, it is again divided into two brigades, which skirt both sides of that island.

**ANNA.**—Is not Yarmouth famous for its fishery?

**PAPA.**—It is the principal place in England for herring, but our herring fishery is inconsiderable. The herrings are most esteemed, and next to them the shrimps and the Scotch.

**HENRY.**—Of all migrating fish, the cod seems to be the most useful to us.

**ANNA.**—They are caught on the banks of Newfoundland.

**PAPA.**—The banks of Newfoundland and the coast of Canada are the principal fisheries for them: those caught there are salted and dried, and sent to various parts of Europe and America: but I am not a geographer good enough to know that our fish are supplied from the Dogger-bank, the Well-bank, the Cromer, which lie on the east side of the coast opposite to Yorkshire, Lincoln, and Norfolk, these fish come from Newfoundland in pursuit of whiting.

The Salmon is another valuable fish, which comes from the Northern seas and visits our rivers for the purpose of depositing its spawn in their sandy beds.

**HENRY.**—I have read that different species of salmon come in such abundance up the rivers of Kamtschatka as to force the waters before them, and to dam up the streams so as sometimes to make them overflow their banks.

ANNA.—Where are our principal salmon fisheries?

PAPA.—In the larger rivers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, or on the sea-coast adjoining them. The Tyne, the Trent, the Severn, and the Thames in England, the Tweed in Scotland, and the Ban in Ireland, are more especially noted for them,

HENRY.—What a very singular power they have of leaping!

PAPA.—It seems to be owing to a sudden jerk which the fish gives to its body from a bent into a straight position. When they are unexpectedly obstructed in their progress, they swim a few paces back, survey the object for some minutes motionless, retreat, and return again to the charge; then collecting all their force, with one astonishing spring they overleap every obstacle. It is in these leaps that most of them are caught.

HENRY.—And there is another fish, Father, found on our shores, which, though small, is very valuable—the pilchard.

PAPA.—The Cornish men say that it is the least fish in size, the most in number, and the greatest in gain of any thing they take out of the sea. Our pilchard fisheries, however, are nothing to those on the coasts of Dalmatia and of Bretagne.

ANNA.—What sort of fish is the pilchard?

PAPA.—It is very much like the herring, only considerably smaller. It is remarkable that both the herring and the pilchard are exceedingly fond of light, and will gather round a boat that contains a lamp: a circumstance which considerably facilitates the fishery for them.

ANNA.—There is one other fish that I have been expecting you to name; indeed as it is the largest, I wonder you did not mention it first.

PAPA.—I suppose you mean the whale. I purposely reserve it till we speak on the *mammalia*; for though it has many of the properties of fish, it possesses in a more striking degree those of the highest class of vertebrated animals.

Z. Z.

Still it is a Scripture expression, and must mean something. I believe it means a simple heart, an entire heart—one single in principle, single in its object and desires—undivided in its choice of heaven—undivided in its trust in Jesus, and undivided in its determination to resist sin, and pursue after holiness. This is that pure and perfect heart so often spoken of in Scripture. This was the perfectness of Paul's heart, when he gloried even in his infirmities, and looked upon the very imperfections that humiliated him, as tending to his ultimate perfection. This was the perfectness of Peter's heart—Peter, who but a few days before had abandoned and denied his Master in extremity, when he called Omniscience to witness that he loved him. And this was the perfectness of Job, and the perfectness of David, to which, in the midst of his penitence, he appeals so often. The seed by Divine grace implanted, is a perfect seed. It grows up among many thorns—it needs the daily dews, the daily sunbeams from above—many a bleak wind will blow on it, shiver its branches, and haply blight its flowers—if left uncared for and unwatched, it would shrink and die. Still it is a perfect principle; and the heart in which it is implanted, is an honest one, with all its loathed corruption and its hated sins; because it would part from every thing, and suffer every thing, to be made holy.

With an honest and a perfect heart, then, we should go to the perusal of God's Sacred Word. For instance, we have recourse to the Bible for knowledge. We would be better informed upon some particular points of doctrine, or upon the doctrines of the Gospel generally. The disputes of others and doubts of our own, have left our understanding at fault, and we scarcely know what we ought to believe. Wisely we refer to the written word of God, the only standard and the only test of truth. But in what mind do we open it? Perhaps we have received our opinions from some person we esteem, or some set of people we are in the habit of admiring. We are determined they shall be right. The Bible shall

the evil of. We have come furnished with replies, circumstances, peculiarities, expediences in abundance. In short we come not to seek more direction, but to excuse ourselves from following that we have.

Lastly, we recur to Scripture in search of Happiness. And alas! we are not honest even there. For we come determined not to be made happy. Cares that we have deposited at our chamber doors, we are determined to take up again, as soon as we emerge from them. Sorrows and regrets that we have brought with us, we are determined to take away, whatever remedy be proposed from them. Wishes, desires are in our hearts, which we are determined not to relinquish, though Heaven, though God himself be offered us instead.

O let us see, before we presume to open our Bibles in the presence of God, and on our knees before him, that all this falseness be not in our hearts. For if it is, what have we to expect? God, into whose presence we have come with so much form of reverence, whose attention we have called, as it were, to our devotional perusal of his word—his own word, immutable, eternal, and the only truth—God, who cannot be deceived and who nothing overlooks of human secrecy—what should he think of such strange applicants, determined not to see what they pretend to look for, determined not to find what they pretend to seek, and not to have what they came on purpose to obtain? If his gracious endurance bears with such strange folly, it is more indeed than it deserves. With favour he cannot look on it—answer he cannot deign to it—with blessings he cannot bless it. He filleth the hungry with good things, but the rich he sends empty away. These applicants, so rich in other men's wisdom and their own—these suppliants have come so richly clothed—nay, they have come armed—they have brought arguments for his arguments, reasons against his reasons, purposes for his purposes. They have brought the opinions of some miserable being of the earth, to measure by them the

It is not within our design to prove, that the Bible is the word of God. We must take it for granted, that our readers believe, or think they believe it to be so; offering only a word of caution that they do not deceive themselves. Suppose, for example, you are shown in the Bible these plain words—"Love not the world, neither the things of the world"—"If any man love the world, the love of Christ is not in him." You say that cannot be. It never was intended we should give up any of the enjoyments of life for the sake of religion—it is impossible to live in the world without being anxious and troubled about the things of the world—it is altogether natural and quite proper we should contend for its great things and good things, its wealth, its honours, its applause, for ourselves and our families—we must do as others do, so long as we are here—the world is of as much importance to us as to others. Then do you not believe those are the words of God? You answer yes; but God does not mean this. Do you suppose, then, that God should say what he does not mean? No; but he may be misunderstood—he meant something else—he meant that we should not love what is sinful in the world. But if God meant this, why did he not say it? When he condescends to use the language of humanity, to make known his will to men, do you suppose he will not use the plainest, and such as may best express his meaning? You will perceive, if you examine the actings of your mind, that you have already forgotten it is God who speaks—you are arguing, as you justly might, were these the words of man. Or take another instance. It is written, "The children of God must not strive." These are plain words, admitting of but one sense; and making no exceptions to the positive prohibition they contain. If they are the words of God, all strife, all quarrelling, contending, disputing, and caballing, is forbidden. Yet is it not common amongst us both to do these things and to defend them? To talk of a becoming spirit, a quick sense of injury, an impatience of contradiction, and

OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURE

eager vindication of our rights, as if virtues; and when this text is proposed we cannot help our temper, that we ourselves to be offended with impunity, for what is due to us as well as others spoken in vain, or these are not his words chosen these texts as the first that Whenever you feel disposed to dispute of the Bible, examine yourself if this your mind is performing; for among they believe the Bible to be the word many, very many I fear, who believe mean nothing, and the other half to the opposite to what it says. Why should if this were so? He might have left the book with guesses and mistakes, uncertain equivocal truths. Be satisfied, with the Sacred Book, and let the recollection present, that it is the word of God himself—of course consistent—of course in the same course, since it is the only revelation has made to man, intended to enlighten you. This, with the recollection of God to you while you read, will go far to prepare the mind for the study of his word. You will perceive the folly of bringing with excuses, arguments, opinions, examinations and expedencies, with which you have answered the words of Scripture; as if it were by one who knew them, and foresaw they have noticed them, had they been on his sight, or made any difference to him. They are not able immediately to perceive the more obscure, doctrinal passages, the necessity of believing all that you do should be contrary to every opinion before, and contrary to what you have heard to find it. Those parts which

and disposition, which are invariably plain, simple, and unequivocal, you will receive as decisive upon whatever subject you have consulted them, though they should condemn yourself, and all around you; assured that if the precepts had been unnecessary, they would not have been given; and if there had been times and circumstances in which they were to be reversed, it would have been specified: to suppose otherwise, is to make God more unwise and improvident than any earthly legislature; for wherever general laws are promulgated, if exceptions are intended, care is taken to make them understood.

For those treasures so abundant of peace and joy, contained in the Holy Scriptures—"Ye drunken, but not with wine, Ye tossed with tempests, and are not comforted, Children of sorrow, wasted with misery," why do you find nothing where there is all, and die for lack in the midst of profusion? Because you have not an honest and a perfect heart. If, when you lay your hand upon that sacred Book, you would remember it is the word of Him, who is the Giver and Disposer of all things, who is not a man that he should mistake, nor a son of man that he should change—and when you unclose it, if you would remember that his look is upon your heart, and his eye in the depths of your bosom—you would not venture, I think, to bring those idols with you, for whose sake your spirits are broken—nor those schemes of earthliness, nor that sensitiveness of pride, nor that careful value for the things that perish—ingredients of the cup of whose bitterness you complain. You would not persist in calling that blessed, which God has not blessed, and that a curse, to which his sweetest promises are pledged; nor hold that impossible, which he has said shall be, or that necessary, which he has said "nay" to. You would not bring your broken cisterns to the fountain, and wonder why they hold no water—the madness of thousands, who persist in gathering of a tree the fruits it never bore; and from winter to summer,

and from year to year, wait and wait, and wonder that their thistles still bear thorns. This cannot God himself accomplish for you, that you should taste sweetness in the wormwood's juice? Bring the bosom desert, and he will make it blossom as the rose—bring it rank, and overrun with weeds, he will root them out, and plant the vine and olive in their stead. There is happiness in that sacred Book—but it is happiness of God's devising, not of man's.

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## GEOGRAPHICAL READINGS.

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### SKETCH THE SIXTH.

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#### BRITISH DOMINIONS IN EUROPE.

YOUR government is like Archimedes: it is contented with a mere point whereon to apply its lever.—Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, are the three lever points with which your cabinet move at their good pleasure the South of Europe. Gibraltar is prepared as if on the eve of an assault. There is not even the wheel of a gun carriage wanting. How, when, and by whom could this place be taken? *Pecchio's Letters on the Spanish Revolution.*

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THE Electorate of Hanover, the hereditary possession of our Sovereigns, and perhaps the most important of their continental dominions, is bounded on the North by the North Sea and the Elbe; on the East by Prussia; on the South by Bavaria and Saxony; and on the West by Holland, and by the Prussian provinces in Westphalia. Considerable additions have been made to it at the expense of the king of Saxony; part of Westphalia is also ceded to our king. It is also dignified with the title of kingdom. It is flat, but very fertile, and populous; the Elbe, the Aller, the Wezer, and the Embs are its principal rivers. Mines of copper, iron, lead, and quicksilver, have been discovered; nay, a little silver has been found; it also produces copper and vitriol. It

abounds in timber, cattle, and hogs; and its chief manufactures are linen, broad cloths, fire arms, toys, glass, and gunpowder. The Embden gritts are well known. The Hanoverian horses are nearly equal to those of England. The common people are brave, manly, and loyal. The established religion is Protestant; and German is the vernacular tongue. Heligoland, a small island, (but of great importance, owing to its commanding the mouth of Elbe,) has been in our possession ever since 1807. It produces the Heligoland beans. Its inhabitants are all good seamen. Gibraltar, a very important post, as it commands the entrance to the Mediterranean, was taken by Sir G. Roke in 1704. It was besieged by the Spaniards from July 1779 to Feb. 1783, and was successfully defended by the gallant Elliot. It is built on the solid rock; and so poor is the soil, that earth is fetched at a great expense from Spain, to make gardens. The fortifications of this wonderful town are cut out in the solid rock. St. George's Hall, one of the principal excavations, is one hundred feet high, and wide in proportion. There is a curious spring, called Smart's Reservoir, very clear, and said to be inexhaustible, and seven hundred feet below the level of the sea. The galleries are lighted by fissures in the rock. From the top of Mount Calpe a superb prospect is seen, extending over the Mediterranean, part of Africa, and part of Spain. Count Pecchio says of this town, "Whoever witnesses the cleanliness and activity, the freedom of religious worship which prevails in Gibraltar, is almost tempted to pardon England for the trick she played Spain. The town is an aviary of 15,000 inhabitants; where, in the streets, you come in contact with Arabs, Moors, Italians, Spaniards, and English; it is in fact a museum of human beings." Malta, which was granted by Charles III. to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, was taken by the French in 1798, and by the English in 1800. The climate, though warm, is said to be very healthy, in despite of the baleful siroccos, which, how-

ever do little injury to vegetation. This little isle led to a renewal of the war after the treaty of Amiens; and thus caused an entire change in the face of Europe. The natives are very industrious, and cultivate their ground with the greatest care. Little corn is produced, and the inhabitants procure that, and snow, a necessary of life in these hot climates, from Sicily. The Maltese oranges are famous, as is also their cotton. The flowers of Malta arrive at great perfection, particularly roses and myrtles—the fruits are very delicious. The honey of Malta is very fine. The chief articles of exportation are cotton, counterpanes, barilla ashes, oranges, salt, honey, and wine. In this island are to be seen some catacombs near the town of Melita, of a surprising extent. There is also to be seen a place, resembling a large hollow pit, with houses at the bottom, called Nacluba. It is said to have been caused by the sinking in of the ground during an earthquake. This is the isle where the apostle Paul was wrecked. The lower orders are industrious and patient; they speak the Maltese language; the higher orders speak Italian. The little Isle of Gozzo, near Malta, is supposed to have been the Isle of Calypso. The Isle of Comino abounds in game. The Ionian Islands, or the Republic of the Seven Isles, were taken by England in 1810, and ceded formally to her by the treaty of Paris, 1814. The first of these islands, which extend along the western coast of Greece, is Corfu, a strong and important possession. It is hilly, and its chief productions are salt, lemons, olives, and wine. It was the ancient Conyra, and is supposed to be the ancient Phœcia, whose king so hospitably received Ulysses. Its trade is very extensive. Cephalonia, though the second in rank, is by far the most fertile. It is hilly, and the principal ridge of hills is called the Black Mountain. The trees flower in winter, and bear fruit twice a year. It produces grain, oil, wine, raisins, honey, pulse, skins, linseed, cotton, and oranges. Its climate is delightful. Zante, the ancient Zacynthus, is

also remarkably fruitful. It produces peaches, figs, olives, melons, cotton, &c.; but its chief commodity is the currant, or grape of Corinth. Of this it exports annually 8,000,000 lb. The hyacinth originally came from Zante. It is also celebrated for its springs of petroleum. St. Maura, or Lefcathia, the ancient Nerytus, is a small but fertile isle, which produces all sorts of fruit in abundance, also wine, oil, and honey. Cerigo, the ancient Cytherea, the abode of Venus, is the most sterile of the Seven Isles. It however abounds in game, sheep, and horses. Theaki, the ancient Ithaea, is very hilly. It only excites our interest as the kingdom of the famed Ulysses. Pascos produces great quantities of oil. The inhabitants of these islands are a motley tribe, whose diversity of dress and language forms a striking picture. Greeks, Albanians, Suliotcs, Romelians, Italians, and Englishmen—all form a group, particularly striking to the eye of the painter. The language of the lower classes is Greek—that of the higher orders Italian. The prevailing religion is that of the Greek church. These charming islands are very fertile, generally speaking, and very populous; and amply justify the glowing description given of them by one of our poets.

Now gently stealing on the yielding sense,  
Soft breathing gales their gathered sweets dispense,  
From thousand aromatic plants that grow  
In wild luxuriance on the mountain's brow;  
From cultured fields, where blooms the early vine,  
And embryo blossoms swell with future wine;  
But chiefly thence, where-clad in vernal bloom,  
The grape of Corinth sheds its rich perfume.

*Wright's Hora Venice.*

EUGENIA.

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS

## SONG,

*For the Air of "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour," in  
Irish Melodies.*

FAREWELL, but whenever you welcome the hours,  
That awake the sweet season of verdure and flowers;  
When again you rejoice in the spring of the year,  
Oh! think of the friend to whom once it was dear.  
Though, exiled from Albion, in sorrow she roam,  
And would hasten the storm if it wafted her home,  
Her heart clings to yours—by that heavenly tie,  
Which is firm when we're parted, as when we were nigh.

And in the gay moments of that happy day,  
When you crown with fresh roses the Queen of the May,  
Think of her who, though seated in sweet myrtle bowers,  
Will sigh for dear England's green walks and wild flowers  
Recall in your pastimes her form to your mind,  
As she weeps for the friends she has left far behind;  
And though often alone and in sadness she stray,  
Will join in your sports and your pleasures that day.

And oh! when at Heaven's high throne you implore  
All the blessings of love from the Power we adore,  
Oh! think of your friend, who is kneeling then, too,  
And prays for that love and those blessings for you.  
If such be our friendship, though seas roll between,  
And you never on earth by my eyes may be seen,  
Though nature must sorrow, our hearts are at rest;  
Secure we shall meet in the realms of the blest.

EUGEN

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And at midnight there was a cry.—MATT. XXV. 6.

THERE was a sound—'twas as the note
Of the first stricken wire,
When minstrels for the coming fate
Prepare the slumb'ring lyra.

None heard it, none, of those who sleep
Untroubled and at ease,
Repose upon their pleasant beds,
And dream themselves in bliss.

There was a sound—'twas as the tread
Of the first moving step,
That softly steals upon the night,
To waken them that sleep.

None heard it, none, of those who hold
In halls and chambers gay,
Unmindful of the wasting hours,
Their feasts of revelry.

The watchman heard it, as he went
His solitary round—
The houseless heard it, as he lay
Upon the cold, cold ground—

The wretched heard it, while his eye
With sleepless sorrow worn,
Hung on the loit'ring dial-plate,
To count the moments gone.

That sound, that step—O list again!
Methinks I hear it now—
Is it the vigil of the blest?
Oh! Jesus, is it Thou?



THE SILENT HARP.

AH! wherefore is it thus with me,
That love divine
Has praise from every other lip,
And none from mine?

That every other harp can find
A joyful note,
To sing of thy redeeming love,
While mine is mute?

I struck it twice, I struck it thrice—
It has forgot
The wonted song of gratitude—
It answers not.

O my ungrateful heart! Canst thou,
Canst thou forget
The beauty of that prize he won,
And gave thee it?

Have the dimm'd jewels of thy crown
Belied thy choice?
And the rich pearl upon thy bosom
Lost its price?

That now thou lookest upon Heaven
With tearful eyes;
And hast no better psalmody
Than those cold sighs?

Nay, tune for shame thy harp again,
Nor let it lie
Even before the gate of Heaven,
Thus mournfully.

The ruthless winds have played on it,
And they have torn
That only chord of joyfulness—
There was but one.

They struck it twice, they struck it thrice—
Its musick wake
The deepest echoes of the soul—
And then it broke.

O Lord, make haste! for it is thou
Alone canst string
With thine own hand this riven heart,
That it may sing.



LOOKING TO JESUS.

When the sense of sin distresses,
 Look to Jesus;
 When the load of guilt oppresses,
 Look to Jesus;
 When thy own deserts appal thee,
 The freely offered pardon see,
 Believe the Saviour died for thee,
 Look to Jesus.

When temptations strong assail thee.
 Look to Jesus;
 When the world's fair pleas allure thee.
 Look to Jesus,
 The Saviour now will strength impart;
 Will guard thy path, will keep thy heart;
 'Midst earth and sin's enticing art,
 Look to Jesus.

When Satan's fiercest darts o'erpower,
 Look to Jesus;
 When sharp the conflict, dark the hour,
 Look to Jesus;
 Satan from the Saviour never,
 Shall the soul that seeks him sever—
 Jesus keeps his sheep for ever—
 Look to Jesus.

In the hour of pain and sorrow,
 Look to Jesus;
 From his pattern patience borrow—
 Look to Jesus:
 The sharpest sufferings he bore,
 When nails and thorns his body tore,
 And guilt and shame his spirit more;
 Look to Jesus.

When the day of life is closing,
 Look to Jesus;
 In the love of God reposing,
 Look to Jesus:
 Jesus will his presence lend thee,
 Will o'er Jordan's floods attend thee,
 And for ever will befriend thee;
 Look to Jesus.

March 7, 1827.

B. D.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Private Life of the Persecuted; or Memoirs of the first Years of James Nisbet, one of the Scottish Covenanters. Written by himself. Edinburgh. W. Oliphant. Price 3s. 6d. 1827.

IN a paquet of duodecimos forwarded to us, among a number of useless and uninteresting fictions, we found with pleasure this piece of genuine biography. Our expectation was fully answered in the perusal. The language of truth and simplicity, whether in the dialect of Charles II. or of George IV., has a charm in it that cannot be mistaken and cannot be imitated; and I am surprised, if it can be read without too much feeling to allow of criticism. In certain popular writings, we have become very familiar of late with the phraseology of covenanters and puritans, as the language of frenzy, folly, or hypocrisy. The gravest reader has found it impossible to resist the ludicrous associations thus produced between things sacred and profane: and while the mirth of the irreligious has not been unmixed with secret enjoyment of the ridicule thus obliquely cast upon the things they love not, the mirth of the more serious has blushed for itself, as for the shouts that welcomed to the Assyrian's feast the hallowed vessels of Jehovah's temple. In this little work we have the same phraseology, the same half-scriptural, half-conventional expressions; we presently recognize that at which we have been made to laugh. But how differently does it read when thus transposed. How simple, how forcible, how characteristic. We are not recommending this language for admiration, or for imitation. Adopted now, it would be as absurd as it is inelegant. But it is well that the laughers should know what they laugh at; and be shown in the annals of truth, the originals of those portraits with which fiction has made us merry. There were undoubtedly canting Presbyteri-

ans and hypocritical Covenanters. Wit has delighted to seize upon their lineaments, and impiety has delighted to accept them as universal portraits; and their language has become the by-words of folly and profaneness. We shall be surprised, however, if a smile, unless it be the smile of emotion, can pass over the lips of the idlest reader, at the language of this beautiful narrative; while the devotional sentiments will be a valued lesson to the most serious.

We know not who is the editor of this little work; but we would hope there may be others such to come, that we may make up our quarrel with the duodecimos.

EXTRACTS.

True humility values neither wealth nor honour, body nor soul, peace nor joy, nor anything in the world, in comparison with his duty and the glory of God, esteeming the will of God the only measure and standard of duty and happiness.

One devout aspiration towards God, is a certain sign the Holy Spirit is with us. The life of grace is not extinct in us, whilst but a single sigh can force its way through the thick mist of temptation toward heaven.

The goodness of God is manifested in the gift of his Son; also in the ministry of angels. The invisible creatures that minister to us are the holy angels, whose wisdom, strength, diligence, and watchfulness over us are declared in many places in Scripture; see the history of Jacob, Elisha, and others. Because many evil spirits lay in wait for one man to destroy him, therefore many holy watchmen are ordered by God for his defence.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JUNE, 1827.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 312.)

FROM THE DEATH OF PHILIP B.C. 366, TO THE DEATH OF DARIUS,
B.C. 331.

IN the midst of these great successes, Philip of Macedón fell a sacrifice to private resentment. One Pausanias, under circumstances differently told, but originating in the refusal of Philip to redress alleged injuries done by one of his courtiers, contrived and accomplished his assassination.

After Philip had given audience to the ambassadors of Greece, assembled to acknowledge him their chief, he went in state to the theatre, where certain shows were to be exhibited in honour of his daughter's marriage. The seats were early filled, and the shows began with a procession, wherein the images of twelve principal deities of Greece were carried, and the image of Philip, habited like the rest, as if he had been already numbered among them. Philip followed alone, in a white robe and crowned; his guard at a considerable distance, that the people might understand he placed confidence in the loyalty of his subjects. Pausanias had placed himself at the door of the theatre, and observing that all

things were as he expected, watched the opportunity of the king's approach, drew his sword from beneath his garment, and plunging it in the monarch's side, laid him dead at his feet. The assassin was pursued and quickly slain ; but the king was already the victim of his resentment ; not without strong suspicion that Alexander and Olympias were parties to the deed.

Great talents and great vices seem to make up the character of Philip. History has preserved, indeed, a store of noble, wise, and generous sayings of this prince, which might persuade us of his virtues, were there any thing in his actions corresponding with them. But that is not the case. That he could admire whatever was great and excellent, and pronounce justly and acutely on whatever came before him ; that he was a most politic and popular prince, and a general brave, prudent, and skilful, is evident in the whole of his history ; but if we examine his actions, and the principles which determined them, it is equally apparent that his ambition was unbounded, and that in every treaty, honour gave place to interest. He spared no cruelties towards those who opposed him, and prided himself on successful dissimulations. His private life seems to have been grossly vicious ; yet he was affable, cheerful, and kind to those who were in his interests, and consequently popular : and a name of greatness, which, in heathen annals, does not necessarily imply a single virtue, has universally attached to Philip of Macedon.

Philip left several children besides Alexander, his renowned successor, most of whom eventually became the victims of their brother's ambition, or of the cruelty of his mother, Olympias.

Alexander was twenty years of age when he came to the throne. From early years he had seemed formed for distinction ; and every advantage of cultivation was added to his natural talents, as well in the court of Macedon as in the field of his father's victories. Philip was a great patron of the learned as well as the brave, and

supplied him early with the best of masters. Aristotle, in particular, had the charge of his instruction, in politics as well as in literature; and it is not to be doubted that the prince had a mind greatly endowed, and most highly cultivated: though of the virtues said to have been thus early inculcated by his philosophic preceptor, we can find few traces in the conduct of his life. The superiority of the prince's character at this early age of manhood, is sufficiently proved by the manner in which he succeeded to his father's power and influence, without any show of opposition from those he held in forced subjection, and without any interruption to the great and ambitious design of commanding Greece and conquering Asia. Having appeased all show of resistance in Greece, and got himself appointed Generalissimo, as his father had been, Alexander began the course of successful warfare that occupied all his years. The first conquests were in Thrace, Illyria, and others of the barbarian nations inhabiting the country now called Slavonia. These people, under the names of Getæ, Celtes, &c. were numerous and brave; but the finished skill of Grecian warfare was not to be resisted; Alexander prevailed everywhere, and prescribed a peace.

The Macedon had still a watchful enemy in Demosthenes; commotions were excited against him in this absence, and on his return, he had to recall the Thebans to submission, which was soon accomplished by the destruction of their city. It was here that had lived the poet Pindar, whose house alone, of all the city, Alexander spared, from respect to the memory of his genius. It was on this occasion, Alexander demanded that the orators of Athens should be given up to him, as authors of the mischief, as mentioned in the history of that people. It is also in this part of history we hear of Diogenes, the famous cynic philosopher, who in the pride of real or imagined wisdom, for it is impossible to distinguish the real character of these men, set at nought the pains and pleasures of humanity. Alexander is said to have

visited him, residing near Corinth, and the only man of eminence in Greece who did not appear with compliments at his court. He found him after his manner on the ground, basking in the sun; and when asked by the prince what he desired, he requested him only to stand aside, that he might enjoy the sunshine. Alexander is related to have said, that if he were not Alexander, he could wish to be Diogenes. This anecdote gives a striking specimen of the different characters of pride, to which man has attached the idea of greatness.

The conquest of Asia became now the engrossing object of Alexander's desires. With feasts and sacrifices to the gods, the armies were assembled. The crown lands of Macedon were distributed to his courtiers, as possessions he no longer needed; the general Antipater was left with an army to defend the kingdom. The amount of Alexander's forces is differently computed. Thirty or forty thousand seems to be the utmost, furnished only with a month's provisions. The Oracles were consulted, favourable constructions were as usual put upon their answers, and the Greeks passed the Hellespont. The first act on landing was to offer sacrifices at Ilium to the manes of Homer's heroes, the subject of Alexander's youthful studies, and the object of his highest admiration. The enemy was first met at the river Granicus, and there the first great victory gained, by the resistless courage of the Greeks, and the skilful conduct of their general. B. C. 334.

This victory put the conqueror in possession of all the surrounding country. As he proceeded, the government of the towns and castles taken, was put into the hands of his officers, and temples and altars erected to his gods. Every thing was done to render him popular among the conquered people. His generous treatment is much extolled in history: but it is impossible to trace a single instance of it to any thing but a just sense of his own interest, a species of wisdom, certainly, which all conquerors have not shown; but still a wisdom entirely selfish

in its acting and its aims. Alexander was neither generous nor benevolent when it served his purpose, or even gratified his passions to be otherwise. The despotic government of Persia, and the oppression of provincial governors, were probably well exchanged for the conciliatory management of the Grecian victor, and he was welcomed in many places as a deliverer. In proof of his determined courage, as it has been considered, Alexander dismissed his fleet, thus depriving his army of any resource but victory. Perhaps Alexander had too much skill in war to have done so rash an act, had he not known his fleet was useless, and could serve him more effectually elsewhere.

It is unnecessary, and not consistent with the plan of our history, minutely to follow this prince through the various achievements of his arms. He was always politic; always brave, and always successful: but in the measurement of his glories, it must not be forgotten, that while some provinces feebly resisted him, the greater number hastened to put themselves under his protection. On the approach of the first winter, he sent many of his soldiers to spend it with their families in Macedon, and his general Parmenio to raise recruits there: a proof that his position in Asia was at that time little dangerous. A conspiracy against him was about this period detected, formed by one of his brothers, who was consequently put to death.

In the second campaign, every thing proceeded with success; the brave and virtuous Darius, of whose conduct we have spoken fully in the history of Persia, and therefore shall say but little here, was preparing a firm but ineffectual resistance. The story of the Gordian knot, which Alexander cut, is probably more familiar to the reader than the circumstances out of which the well-known tale arose; which, therefore, we will relate. One Gordius, a Phrygian, as the tale was told, had a small piece of ground and a yoke of oxen; with which while he was ploughing, an eagle settled on the plough.

Repairing to a female augur for an explanation of the prognostic, she bade him return to his field, and offer sacrifice to Jupiter. Being prevailed on to accompany him, she became his wife, and they had a son named Midas. The Phrygians at this time harassed with seditions, had recourse to an oracle, who answered, that a king should appear to them in a chariot. While they were considering this reply, Midas, with his father and mother, arrived in a chariot, and supposed to be the intended king, was immediately proclaimed. Settled in his dignity, he consecrated his father's chariot to Jupiter, hanging it up in his palace as an offering to the eagle, the bird of Jupiter, by whose means he had obtained the kingdom. It was reported concerning this chariot, that whoever should untie the knot by which it was fastened, should obtain the sovereignty of Asia. The knot was tied of cord made from the inner rind of the Cornéil-tree, and no eye could perceive where it had been begun or ended. Alexander arriving at Gordium, was curious to see this chariot; and aware of the effect it would have on the minds of his soldiers, either cut through the knot with his sword, or detached the chariot by removing the wooden pin that fastened it to the beam, as the story is differently told: and thus was understood to have fulfilled the condition of sovereignty.

A severe sickness threatened at one time a brief termination to this career of glory. The physicians of the king were hopeless of his recovery, except Philip the Arcanian; who promised by a certain draught, to give a favourable turn to the disorder. While this medicine was preparing, Alexander had a letter from Parmenio, warning him to beware of this Philip, as being suborned by Darius to destroy him. Having perused the letter, the king placed it under his head; when Philip brought the draught, he took it out, read it to him, and immediately swallowed the mixture. The composure of the physician calmed the monarch's thoughts; his rapid recovery proved the falseness of the accusation, and restored the depressed spirits of the Macedonian army.

We shall not repeat the accounts already given in the history of Persia, of the fall of the Persian monarchy, and the issue of the battle of Issus. This decisive engagement, the first in which Alexander and Darius met, took place B.C. 332. The Persian army is said to have consisted of 500,000 men. It was bravely contested; but with what disproportionate power may be judged by the inequality of the numbers slain; of whom Persia lost more than 100,000, and the Macedonians less than 600. The tent of Darius had been taken, and in it his mother, his wife, and two daughters, and a little son: and also the wives and families of the principal Persian nobles, with all the costly treasures of this luxurious camp. Alexander took possession of the tent, and established himself in all the magnificence of an eastern king; reassuring the ladies by promises of honourable treatment, and permission to keep up their state and wear the royal apparel.

The firmest resistance offered to the arms of Alexander, was at the city of Tyre. This place was built on an island surrounded by walls of prodigious strength, and defended by considerable fleets, of which Alexander had none. His first project was to unite the island to the shore by an isthmus, the depth of the water being no more than three fathoms. In vain the Tyrians assailed the workmen with missile weapons and sent armed boats to molest them. Wooden towers covered with skins, were erected to defend them, and the work rapidly proceeded. The Tyrians to destroy these towers, contrived a fire ship, on the yards of which, instead of sails, were buckets of sulphureous matter, while the hulk was filled with dry wood and other combustibles. This vessel they ran against the mole, and firing it, speedily consumed the whole works. Alexander was not discouraged, but recommenced his operations, and took measures to procure a fleet, without which he found it impossible to succeed. By the arrival of a squadron from Greece, and the assistance of the Asiatic princes

he had previously brought over to his interests, two hundred sail were collected; an engagement took place, and the Tyrian fleet was defeated and disabled. The massy walls still offered considerable resistance to the engines brought against them; and the inhabitants defended themselves to the utmost extremity. But nothing could resist the arms of Greece. The place was taken. A few of the chief inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the temples, were pardoned; the rest were sold for slaves, to the number of 30,000; 8,000 having fallen in the assault. The Macedonians, as usual, lost few. The severity of this treatment does not consist with the character of moderation and generosity elsewhere attributed to Alexander; but he restored the king, and rebuilt the city.

It was while Alexander was employed at this siege, that Darius sent proposals to resign to him the half of his kingdom, from the Hellespont to the Euphrates, to pay him 10,000 talents for the ransom of his family, give him his daughter in marriage, and receive him as his friend. Parmenio, on this occasion, spoke freely, and said, were he Alexander, he would accept these terms: to which the prince replied, "And so would I; were I Parmenio." To the ambassadors he answered, that he did not want Darius' money; that he would take by force his country, his palaces, and treasures; and marry his daughter; if he pleased, without his leave. This language of the proud aggressor sufficiently pourtrays his character and the objects of his rapacious warfare.

The next march of Alexander, was towards Jerusalem, the city of the living God: the sacred spot where nothing took place, as it took place elsewhere; where the heathen victor could not shoot an arrow, nor the conqueror of the universe lift a sword, without the immediate permission of the God of Heaven. We have given in the history of the chosen people, the account of Alexander's visit, and its results.

From Palestine, Alexander proceeded to Egypt,

which, little attached to its Persian masters, became a willing conquest. It was now that the foundation was laid of the great city of Alexandria. It was beautifully situated by the haven of Pharos, having the sea in front and a spacious lake behind it; at each end a narrow and well-fortified pass. Its form resembled that of a soldier's coat. One beautiful street passed through it from gate to gate, being a hundred feet in breadth, and in length five miles.

The character of Alexander had been hitherto unimpeached, except in his ambition. He had not misused his unjust conquests, or been guilty, as far as we are informed, of any extravagance or immorality of conduct. Unjustifiable as he was in seizing treasures that were not his own, he had not kept them for himself, but distributed to his followers, or sent them home to Macedon. He had acted with policy and moderation, and that sort of wisdom which subserved his purposes, and best advanced his projects; without any wanton indulgence of his passions. From this time, however, his whole conduct changed its character, and his history is stained with every species of extravagance, vice and folly. Intoxicated with success, the Macedonian now bethought himself to forego his earthly origin, and in imitation of Perseus and Hercules, to prove himself the son of Jupiter. To establish this pretension, he undertook a march to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the Libyan deserts. This famous temple is said to have been situated in a small spot of fertile ground, not exceeding forty furlongs, planted with olive-trees and palms, and watered with dews that fell nowhere else in the country. A fountain had its rise there, different from all other fountains upon earth; being intensely cold at mid-day, becoming gradually warmer till midnight, and then again returning by degrees to its mid-day coldness. This country produced also a peculiar kind of salt, which the priests of Ammon inclosed in little boxes of palm-wood, and carried as a present of value to the Egyptian princes, to be

used in sacrifice. This curious spot was surrounded by deserts of perpetually moving sands; so that no track or way-marks could be found to guide the traveller through them: nor was there a drop of water to be obtained. How Alexander and his army passed these deserts is unknown. All historians agree he was miraculously supplied and led; but how or by what, they are at variance. It is equally uncertain what passed when he arrived there. He declared himself satisfied with the replies obtained from the Oracle, but did not divulge the secrets of his conference; asserting only that Jupiter had acknowledged him his son. History makes no doubt of the truth of this adventure, and the safe return of the monarch and his army.

After settling the government of Egypt, Alexander returned to Tyre, and thence proceeded to Babylon. After crossing the Tigris, the army of Darius again engaged the conqueror, and were again entirely vanquished at the battle of Gangameh or Arbela, B.C. 331. The numbers are stated to have been here even more unequal than before: but numbers gave no strength to the Persian force, and Darius again escaped with difficulty. We have elsewhere told his melancholy end. Also, the cruel destruction of the magnificent city of Persepolis, and the burning of its palaces for the amusement of Alexander and his courtiers in their drunken revels.

Meeting no further opposition in Persia, the insatiable ravager carried his arms among the rocks and caverns of the barbarian nations on its confines. It was in one of these expeditions that the enemy carried off his favourite horse, Bucephalus. Alexander immediately began to burn the huts and cut down the trees, causing proclamation to be made, that unless his horse was restored, every thing he could reach should be destroyed. Bucephalus was in consequence returned, and the whole country submitted.

Corrupted with wealth and luxury, the troops of Alexander became weary of their labours, and showed much

disposition to mutiny : or, perhaps, more reasonable than their commander, they saw no use in pursuing conquests without object or end ; all they could desire of wealth and glory being abundantly in possession. Alexander perceiving he could not depend on his European armies, had recourse to conciliation with his Asiatic subjects, adopted much of the Persian habits, and admitted the Persians to equal privileges with his own people.

A design to assassinate the king was at this time discovered. A Macedonian of the army having formed this design, communicated it to another, who revealed the intention to Philotus, long time the faithful servant of the king ; but whether from carelessness or treachery, he neglected for some days to give information ; and notwithstanding his former services, was put to torture and death. This gave rise to a succession of suspicions, cruelties and executions among his followers, which excited much disgust to the Macedonians, and greatly disgrace the character of the king.

REFLECTIONS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee.—LUKE viii. 39.

WHEN the heart has been converted by Divine grace from a state of selfish unconcern to one of spiritual life and feeling, the young convert is in danger on the one hand of burying the secret in his bosom, to avoid the world's reproach ; attempting to live on as he has lived before, without any change of habits and conversation ; content to believe that the principle within him has been altered, and his heart amended in the sight of God. On the other hand—perhaps to ardent spirits the greater danger—there is a temptation to throw up all previous

duties and occupations, to run with our new-found treasure hither and thither, force ourselves into observation, and unmindful of our own newness and inexperience, abandon the post in which Providence has placed us, and appoint ourselves to others of our own choosing. "Return into thy house," said the Saviour to one on whom the power of God had been newly exercised. Return where thou wert—to thy domestic habits, to thy private, perhaps obscure abode. Resume the duties of thy station, and attend, as before, to the claims of those about thee. Do not fancy that because thou art an object of Divine mercy, the world must be called upon to look at thee; and of the nothing that thou wert, thou must suddenly become something—before thou well knowest what thy own conversion means, hasting to busy thyself in convicting the whole world. When he who made thee whole has need of thee, he will fetch thee forth. "Return into thine house;" but when thou comest there, do not conceal the mercy thou hast received. Be not to those around thee exactly as thou wert before—nothing more holy in thy discourse, nothing more amiable in thy tempers, nothing more moderate in thy desires, more devout in thy habits, more elevated in thy hopes, more calm in thy afflictions. So shall God have no honour by thy means. But show what great things he has done for thee by the difference of what thou art from what thou wast—not in sudden and capricious starts of ill-considered zeal, neither by much and violent talking; but by the altered tone and disposition of mind with which thou treadest the same path, and performest the same duties, abandoning nothing but thy sins and follies. And when occasion comes, hide not for shame or fear the secret of what has happened. Let God have the glory of the improvement that is observed in thee, by open confession of the manner in which it was effected. Without stirring from thy place, or attempting in any way to distinguish thyself, say to every one who approaches thee, by conduct more than by words, Behold,

I am changed—I am not what I was—Do you not see the miracle?" The Lord has made me whole. So will God have much more honour in your conversion, than in that abandonment of station, and privacy, and orderly occupation, of which we have seen too much.

Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.—COL. iv. 5.

A SHORT sentence—but, duly appreciated, it might bring to a conclusion many a long argument. It might surely decide on many of those disputed practices of which so much too much, so much too little is thought. Too much, when going here or there is made the criterion of religion, and the selfish, earthly mind that stays at home, passes utter condemnation on the selfish, earthly mind that goes abroad. Too little, when they to whom the world is crucified, and they unto the world, would still affect its habits and enjoy its smiles. The apostle had spoken of false professors, whose moral conduct disgraced their faith, and had positively forbidden all intercourse with them. Towards those that are without, those that we call the world, as distinct from the religious, he merely bids us walk wisely. Is it not as if he said, Here is no need of rules—God himself has separated you—there is no agreement between things that differ—walking in paths so opposite, it is superfluous to bid you not walk together. All that needs to be observed, is to act wisely in every way in which you come in contact with them—to act judiciously, benevolently, and suitably to your own character. How that may be, seems expressed in these few words, as well as volumes could have told it—"Redeeming the time." The servant of God has no time for things unnecessary. He is bound to a place—he is bent on an errand—he is hired to a service. He has no time to turn hither and thither, after this thing and that thing, for no better reason than because there is no harm in it. He has spent half his life already in pleasing the world and himself.

Well may the time past suffice. Of the little that remains—O how insufficient, how miserable a remnant to offer him who should have all!—Of this he can spare no moment beyond what is necessary to the duties and charities of life. If we could but keep this in mind—if we did but remember the time we have already lost, the talents we have already wasted, and the little time that probably remains, to show our altered mind by holy devotedness to the service of God, the fulfilment of his commands, and the preparation of our hearts for that presence we expect—surely we need not be asking at every step if this is permitted, if that is innocent—if we may walk aside with these, or loiter by the way with those. What signifies permission? Have you leisure? Have you done your master's errand? Have you fulfilled your duties? Have you redeemed to yourself the days and hours sometime spent in the perversion of your immortal spirits? Have you redeemed to God the days and hours that you forgot him, disobeyed him, and refused him every kind of service? No—there is no time. Let this be your answer to yourself and them. We had a day's work to do—we had a journey to make—fools that we were, we never set about it till the sun was in the horizon. We must not be diverted from it now; for the night cometh in which no man can work. Why talk you with us still of idleness? Give us back rather, if ye can, those mourned and wasted moments. We do not repel you—we do not despise you—we do not cast you from our affections or our cares—but we are bought with a price, we are not our own. There is no time for par lance—the sun is setting, and God's bidding is not done.

If ye have faith, and shall say unto this mountain, be ye removed and cast into the sea, it shall be done.—
MATT. xxi. 21.

THE meaning of this figure is not difficult to discover. Opposed to the legitimate desires of our hearts, there are things as impossible to remove as the mountain from

its rocky basement—obstacles, against which the powers and contrivances of man might as vainly spend themselves, as the waters of the sea upon the rock that limits and defies it. Yet, doubtless, if we had faith to ask it and expect it, these things impossible, these obstacles immovable, these ills irremediable, before the interfering hand of God, would sink to nothing and disappear. “Believe, and ye shall see the glory of God,” were the words of one who knew the measure of his powers, when about to perform an impossibility. “Whatever ye ask, believing that ye have it, it shall be done unto you,” are the words of one who knows the measure of his power also. Doubtless, the text was literally true, in so far that if that material mountain could have stood in the way of the believing disciples’ welfare, it would at his prayer have been removed. This could not well be the case. But in his progress to eternity, obstacles that must be removed ere he could proceed, impossibilities that must be accomplished ere he could be happy, would doubtless present themselves. Would these not yield to that at which the fixed and solid mountain must have bestirred itself? We want faith in this: and we pass this text aside as something not quite explicable; when we have not proved its truth, only because we have not believed it. I am persuaded there is no limit to what we might have, to what we might be enabled to do, of things holy, good, and desirable in themselves, if we had so much confidence in God as would enable us to expect them. But we have not. We do not ask till driven to an extremity. Then we ask with very little expectation of receiving; and go away with no more calmness of mind upon the matter than we came. We do not see how our mountains can be removed—we have calculated their weight and size—we perceive all the difficulty—and God’s word, his unlimited, unconditional, uncalculating promise goes with us for nothing. There are not wanting evidences of what God has done in answer to prayer: but no man, perhaps, has ever yet proved the

extent of what he would do, if our faith were adequate to the demand. Let us think of this. For our Father delights in a trusting, asking, and expecting spirit. He likes that we set no limit to his power or his love. Let those, particularly, who have some mountain of spiritual or temporal evil in their way, make trial of the truth and meaning of this text. It was Jesus himself who spoke it.

Or la piété avec le contentement d'esprit, est un grand gain.—1 TIM. vi. 6.

IL en est, qui trouvent toutes les autres croix légères, excepté celles que la Providence leur ménage. Ils ne sereioient pas si touchés de la perte de leurs biens et de leur fortune; mais ils ne peuvent se taire sur la mauvaise foi d'un ennemi, qui les flétrit, et qui les calomnie : ce sont là des ressentiments qui paroissent justes : on seroit fidèle par-tout ailleurs, où la main de Dieu ne nous plaie pas ; ici, qui étoit la seule voie par où la grâce vouloit nous sanctifier, on sort des mains de la Providence, et on se soustrait à ses ordres. Au milieu du monde, ou à la cour, où notre état nous appelle, on se dit à soi-même que dans la retraite et loin des périls on seroit fidèle : au fond de la retraite où le devoir quelquefois nous retient, on se persuade que la piété seule et livrée à elle-même, languit et se relache, et que le commerce des gens de bien, les secours publics de la vertu l'amussent et la soutiennent. Dans les soins publics, une condition privée paroît plus propre au salut. Est-on personne privée ? L'utilité devient un prétexte spécieux, et on oit qu'une vie désoccupée ne peut presque être innocente. Chacun transporte les devoirs essentiels dans l'état où il n'est pas ; nul n'est fidèle à la grâce de son état propre. C'est ainsi, O mon Dieu ! que par une illusion perpétuelle, nous nous fuyons toujours nous-mêmes, et qu'infidèles à l'état où votre main nous place, nous substituons au devoir présent, qui seroit pénible à la nature, des sacrifices chimériques qui flattent l'imagination, et qui ne coûtent rien au cœur.

Toujours fidèle à suivre la grâce dans les divers évènements de la vie, la piété ne se dit jamais à elle-même qu'une situation différente seroit plus favorable ; elle ne trouve jamais dans les circonstances où Dieu la place, des raisons pour justifier ce que Dieu condamne ; et la voie par où la grâce la conduit, lui paroît toujours la plus propre au salut.

THE LISTENER.—No. XLVIII.

MADAM,

I have been long expecting, from a consciousness of its prevalence, and from a desire to see it repressed, that you would devote one of your listening lucubrations in deprecation of that spirit of universal contemptuous sarcasm, in which so many indulge themselves. The highly pernicious nature of this practice is best inferred from the generally acknowledged fact, that there is no one species of mental injury so calculated to produce lasting resentment ; nor is it to be wondered at ; since, on account of the wit with which these sarcasms are too frequently pointed, they are repeated from one to another, until the sneer becomes a kind of standing jest against the person at whose character it was first aimed ; and who can be surprized if the deepest resentment is cherished in the breast of any one, against the person who first wounded him with an arrow, the venom of which he feels continually rankling in his heart. And for what a poor gratification does a person incur the dislike, not to say hatred of all who know him. I would be unwilling to suppose that all who have fallen into this habit, are actuated by a spirit of resentment towards the objects of their pointed wit, for in admitting such an idea, we imagine many to be at war with all their acquaintance. We can attribute it then to nothing else but a love of saying something which may indicate superior intelligence, which may be rewarded by a smile of admiration, or (to some a much

higher gratification) a frown of anger. I seriously believe, that many who indulge in this practice are actuated by no other motives, and for this paltry enjoyment they are content to be both feared and disliked by those, whom, by repressing this destructive talent, they might by their other qualities have warmed into affection, or or at least have conciliated into esteem. The possession of this ability to satirize is of itself extremely dangerous, and difficult to be repressed within proper bounds, for it is a weapon which ought by no means to slumber in its sheath, but, on the contrary, may be very usefully employed, in chastising obtrusive dulness or impertinent loquacity. Many young persons, however, of both sexes, we see continually falling into the habit we are deprecating; who possess the wish but not the ability to injure by their sarcasm; who can boast of the arm of Scaliger without the strength, and who can participate in the hatred of more successful wits, without acquiring any of the admiration which is yielded to their genius. "True wit," which Johnson describes "to be an exuberant imagination operating upon extensive knowledge, and from their collision producing scintillations of vivacious intelligence delightful to every mind," is a quality which few possess, and can no more be identified with that semblance of it, of which we are speaking, than the brilliant meteor which glows for a moment in the heavens, illuminating every object, and filling every mind with astonishment and pleasure, can be compared to the flash of lightning, which all gaze at with dismay and terror, and which generally singles out some particular person or edifice, as an object of its scathing power.

But as perhaps my distinction may not be sufficiently obvious, I will give you a brief illustration.

Selina is a young lady whose parents are in a state of independent affluence, and are considered the most genteel society in the small town of —, where they have fixed their residence. They are people of very respectable understanding, have many acquaintance, who

punctually call on them when not at home, and might even have some visits when they themselves were not out, if their daughter Selina was known to be absent. But that young lady has made herself so dreaded, by the constant exertion of what little wit she possesses, sharpened into personal satire, or degraded into personal abuse, that she is avoided with as much caution, as if she carried about her some slips of the Upas Tree. In fact, her acquaintance are perfectly aware, that if during their visit they escape her sarcastic observations, no sooner will they be gone, than the next comer will be entertained with Selina's satire, at their expense.

Had her parents been at all aware of the danger of encouraging this pernicious disposition, they would doubtless have discouraged it in her infancy; but far from imagining that a cultivation of it would be attended with such serious consequences, and being delighted with those sallies of precocious vivacity which she exhibited, they by their approbation have fostered a vice, which they now find difficult, if not impossible, to be eradicated.

Being invited to spend some little time with her parents, at their country house, I accepted the invitation, and arrived about the spring of the year at their residence, and from them received a most hearty, hospitable welcome. I had been forewarned of the reception that I was likely to meet with from Selina, but was in hopes, that being under her parents' roof, I should at least, when present, be exempt from her personal satire. I was however disappointed, for on the evening of my arrival she afforded me two or three specimens, which convinced me that the character I had heard of her was perfectly correct, and that I must not look for a greater degree of forbearance from her towards myself, than she manifested to the rest of her acquaintance. On my first introduction to her, indeed, I could perceive a sneer on her countenance, although I was utterly unconscious of any anomaly in my person or appearance, which could jus-

tify it. Upon my remarking on the extreme beauty of some of the prospects, which had presented themselves to my view during the journey, Selina wondered what pleasure any person could find in surveying what they called rural scenery, which she ingeniously described to be a farm house with a lot of cows feeding on the grass around it, a few pigs grunting in a contiguous sty, a donkey braying in a meadow, and a weeping willow dipping its branches in a duck pond. I was of course silenced at least about rural scenery, and soon after retired to rest, when I resolved that I would discourage by every means in my power, the propensity which Selina had exhibited, whether directed against myself or others. The whole time however which I spent with her parents, I found the same perpetual desire to turn every body and every thing into ridicule. Not an individual could be named without his or her person or pursuits being made the subject of her unsparing sarcasm. A young lady being mentioned, who was extremely interested in a tract society, and who took great trouble herself in distributing them weekly, was in my presence mentioned, as the thing who splashed through the streets in all weather, to give poor people paper to wrap round the ends of their candles; while a gentleman who advocated the doctrines of phrenology, was by her described as going round the country, combing people's hair with his fingers. Being one day, when in her company, visited by a young lady so much deformed, that the protuberance which arose between her shoulders, gave her a most unsightly appearance, and caused her to stoop in walking, I was in hopes that natural delicacy and good feeling would have deterred Selina from making any sarcastic observations on the child of misfortune. These motives were however insufficient, for no sooner had she departed, than Selina observed how highly her visitor was gifted by nature, in possessing two heads; at the same time charitably expressing a doubt, whether she possessed an ounce of brains in both together. I could not help expressing my

indignation at such an indelicate and ill-natured remark; when the satirist apologized by observing, that she had forgotten what a heavy load the poor creature had perpetually near her heart. Some few days afterwards, walking with her in the garden, I made some casual remarks on the variety of objects which surrounded us, and was both pleased and surprized to find, that her answers, brief as they were, indicated no attempt at satire.

Passing however a few minutes afterwards by a door which chanced to be open, I overheard the following conversation, though, had not my curiosity been first excited by hearing my name mentioned, I should have passed on. As it was, however, hearing one of the company ask where I was, I wanted to hear what reply Selina would give, who presently answered, that I was in the garden. Were you not walking with her just now? demanded the querist. I was so, she replied, and listened to many clever remarks that she made. Wondering what these remarks might be, I waited in expectation of their being demanded by some one of the party; nor was it long before they were, when Selina replied, that I had observed trees to possess leaves and butterflies wings, or trees wings and butterflies leaves, she could not remember which; and that, moreover, I had discovered a daisy to be less than an oak, and found out the difference between a sun-flower and a sun-dial.

The dialogue here ceased by my suddenly entering the room, and I think you will acknowledge that I fully verified the old adage, that listeners heard no good of themselves. On one occasion however, the indulgence of this disposition was a source of serious regret to her. She had an uncle, an elderly gentleman, who devoted his time, in a great measure, to the study of natural history, and at whose decease she had every reason to expect a considerable legacy. But all prudential motives were insufficient to restrain her habitual sarcasm, and one day alluding to him, she spoke of him as an old doat who had all his life time been looking at bugs through a

microscope; and now, if he did not put his green spectacles on his greener eyes, would not be able to distinguish a louse from a lion. A short time after the old gentleman died, and, annexed to his will, was the following codicil; "Having found my neice Selina to possess so much wit, I conclude money will be useless to her, and therefore revoke a testament that I had formerly made in her favour, and now leave her the sum of five shillings, to be paid out of the sale of my microscope and green spectacles, to buy her a jest book." This poor Selina felt to be a practical joke, far more bitter in its consequences, than any which had escaped her in the wantonness of her satire; and your readers will not be surprised, when I tell them, that by indulging in this propensity, at the age of twenty-one she finds herself utterly excluded from all kind of society in which she would wish to mix; and that without any specifically arranged plan, all her acquaintance seem unanimous in treating her with the same contempt which she has expressed towards them. If a party for a ball is formed, many are willing to be present if Selina is to be absent; but she is so very satirical, that it is quite unpleasant to be in her company. She has of course discovered the cause of this universal exclusion, and feeling no real animosity against the objects of her contemptuous censure, is surprised that it should have caused such a universal combination against her, and considers it a proof of revengeful malice, that many are determined to retribute her ill-natured words by ill-natured actions. That many possess this inclination towards her, she has no doubt, as she lately discovered the informant, who intercepted her uncle's legacy by repeating her insulting and disrespectful sneer, to be the identical lady who went about to give poor people paper to wrap round their candles. I fancy, if any thing is likely to work a reformation in her, it is the universal detestation which she has drawn around her, and which causes her friends to pursue that plan of chilling neglect, which she so acutely feels; and

if it produces that good effect, there will be no cause in future for her to regret her present uneasiness. If this sketch should induce any who have likewise fallen into this habit, to throw it off, I shall consider myself well repaid for the trouble I have taken in the above delineation of Selina's character.

L. K.

My correspondent's paper is accompanied with a permission to amend it or to add to it as I please. It is too just to need any amendment, and if I add to it, it is only by a second witness to confirm the testimony of the first. If I differ in any thing, it is with respect to the predominant motive of this dangerous propensity. There are cases, I fear, where ill-nature, a deliberate desire of giving pain, an envious wish to depreciate what we cannot reach, expends itself in bitter and indiscriminate sarcasm. These cases are beyond our reach—the curse of Ishmael is upon them—their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them. The mischief is in the depth of a malignant heart, and Heaven alone can mend it. Doubtless there are others in whom this practice arises from a wish to shine, a settled purpose of exhibiting a peculiar talent, which is certainly not wit, but near enough approaching it to be so called, and in itself sufficiently entertaining. These too we must leave. If they like the applause of the world better than its love, its laugh better than its approbation, they must take their choice. They must enjoy their jokes instead of their legacy, for they want that principle on which alone I could hope to prevail with them. It has happened to me, however, to meet with many Selinas, so like the portrait I could suppose it meant for them—and there have been some in whose bosom no malignant passion could be sheltered, and in whose hearts, I hope, I believe no desire of applause at others' cost could be indulged. In these I should consider it a natural trait of character, and continued for want of reflexion on its dangerous and

unholy tendency, or, perhaps, from the difficulty of subduing a late-discovered evil.

These I would hope might be prevailed upon to consider the mischief of this thoughtless indulgence of a natural humour.

But we must leave the scrutiny of motives to Him who knows, and to that self-examination, I would strongly urge on all who are conscious of the practice. Whence-soever it arises, it is a habit the most destructive of all affectionate communion, all rational conversation, and all religious sobriety of mind—the enemy at once of piety, taste, and feeling. I would rather take for my companion the dullest spirit that ever hung on our hands, thus be doomed to the society of one of these eternal jesters. Those at least would allow me in so much enjoyment as I could find elsewhere, if they could provide me none. But these—whatever is beautiful in character, in nature, in works of taste, in the productions of intellect, they spoil me the enjoyment of, by obtruding on my attention some ludicrous imagination of their own, some mockery of defects that may or may not exist in them, affording me a little mirth in exchange for the mind's best and highest gratifications. Would that the molestation of these living Travesties ended here. But it does not. The pain they give to those who are present, is perhaps not very considerable. The weak and timid only are susceptible of these sallies—not the less, but rather the more inexcusable on that account. Sensible minds care very little about the matter; and if they happen to be fond of mirth, would as soon be made to laugh at themselves as at any body else. But the injury they do the absent is not little. It is not possible to measure the unperceived influence of such sallies on the opinion one person forms of another; or to calculate the impressions remaining from them on the mind, without our being conscious where they came from. Surely this is a grave consideration. Would those whose benevolent minds are busied in administering comfort to humanity, who desire

to show their love to God whom they have not seen, by every evidence of love to their brethren whom they have seen, and who would not for any selfish gain, deliberately wrong the lowliest child of earth—would these like to discover that they have robbed the lonely of a friend, have winged the shaft of malice against the defenceless—have made the full cup of sadness to run over, but one added drop—perhaps have overborne with shame some contrite spirit, or brought contempt on some struggling child of God? They may never discover it. They can never know it, until those books are opened. But for a little mirth, for the merit of a little brilliancy, will they take the risk?

And would that the evil stopped even here. But there is one character of sarcasm to which my correspondent has not alluded, the prevalence of which has much dwelt upon my mind, awaiting the opportunity now afforded me, of alluding to it in these papers. I speak of the habit of ridiculing the professors of religion, and more especially its ministers. From the world we expect this. We know whence it arises, and what it means; for we know that when the voice, or manner, or other peculiarity of the minister are sarcastically noticed, the laugh excited is intended to fall upon the doctrine he preaches. But young people who thus amuse themselves without any sinister intention, are little aware, I believe, of the injury they do others, and more especially themselves. It is perfectly indecent, the manner in which at the very doors of the sanctuary, you may hear them make mirth of the reader's or the preacher's peculiarities. There are those among my acquaintance whom I carefully watch out of the church before I leave my seat, lest I should meet them in the aisles, and have every serious impression dissipated by some sarcastic mimicry of the preacher's tones and expressions. And many, many times, at the dinner table or in the evening circle, have I sat with painful sadness, listening to the exaggerated statements, the sarcastic criticism, with which

the Sabbath service was reviewed—not by enemies—not by disapprovers—but by those who should, and who did set the highest value on what they had enjoyed.

Nor is it persons only. The things of God, religion itself—they do not mean it, I trust, but religion itself is not too sacred for the blight of their unhallowed jesting. I have the misfortune to have some friends, whose good feeling towards religion I should be sorry to doubt; who never mention it without the same play of words they accustom themselves to use in every thing: not seldom, I grieve to say, the words of Scripture itself, so travestied as to excite a smile at, if not against, the most pious practices and exalted truths, the objects, I really believe, of their reverence as much as of my own. Could they know how the more serious and deeply-feeling bosom shudders at that venturous sport—how the sacred words pronounced in ludicrous association, jar the heart that has been used to hear in them the language of its intensest feelings—surely they would blush and be ashamed for their unholy mirth. I would give instances of what I mean, but I fear to seem personal. Many are in my recollection; and may come possibly to the recollection of those who read. If it should be so, I am persuaded they will receive the Listener's affectionate remonstrance without resentment. This mirthful fancy, when united with an amiable disposition, is very entertaining. There are ways in which it may be very innocently indulged; for never was religion an enemy to harmless mirth. There will be occasions in which it may be even usefully exercised, and prevail where reason cannot. But in things sacred, in things serious, in things divine—towards persons who should be sacred for the things' sake, it can be harmless never. These jesters are little aware of the effect of each ludicrous association on the weak and vacillating mind, or the unconfessed gratification and encouragement afforded by them to spirits profane and worldly. Nor are they more aware of the injury their own minds suffer from this indulgence. They may not know it, but

they never name a thing irreverently without lowering their own reverence for it: they never allude to things serious without seriousness, but they become less important in their estimation. And surely they might be aware, that the minister, or other servant of God, whose defects and peculiarities they are accustomed to ridicule, cannot retain an influence over their minds—no small consideration, when it is through the medium of his servants our Lord so generally dispenses the influence of his grace.

My correspondent has spoken of the mischief arising from this practice in the world, and spoken of it with entire justness and truth. I have dwelt on it, therefore, more particularly as it affects a higher interest, and is forbidden by a higher principle than self-interest, or the world's esteem. And again I express my thanks for the proposition of so desirable a subject.

SERIES OF ESSAYS ON THE SUBJECT OF ARCHITECTURE.

ESSAY THE FIFTH.

Grecian Architecture—Tuscan Order.

HAVING briefly alluded to the Architecture of Egypt and India, we may proceed to its more authenticated history, which usually commences with that of Greece. Of the architecture of Palestine it is impossible to speak. As in every thing else among that heaven-directed people, there was supernatural interference in it: the intellect of man was not left to its own powers in the erection of the temple of Solomon. Every thing, from the measurement of the pillars to the minutest ornament of the interior, was prescribed by the divine word. We know nothing of the building but what that word discloses:

we can trace thence the dimensions, but not the style; though it has been conjectured to resemble the temple at Tentyra. We may fairly suppose it was in the highest perfection of style, ornament, and proportion; and very probably afforded a model to the subsequent productions of the art. Wanting all further information on this subject, we pass to the architecture of Greece.

The walls of Tityrus and the remains of Mycenæ are considered the oldest specimens of Architecture remaining in Greece. The date of their erection is unknown. The manner of placing the stones resembles that of the Pyramids, and galleries or passages were formed within the thickness of the walls. Ancient tradition ascribes them to the labours of the Cyclops.

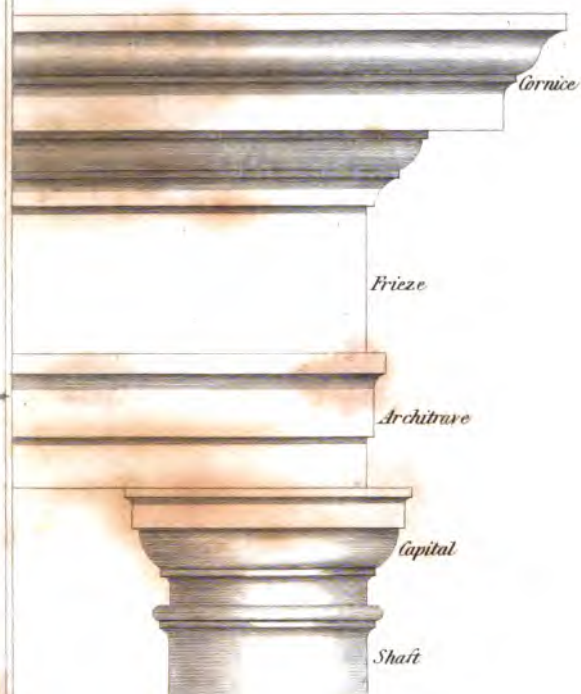
Next, or equal in antiquity to the massive walls, are buildings considered to have been treasuries, formed in the manner of the Pyramids, except that these are circular, by laying one of the enormous stones upon the other, projecting within it till they reached in a point at the top.

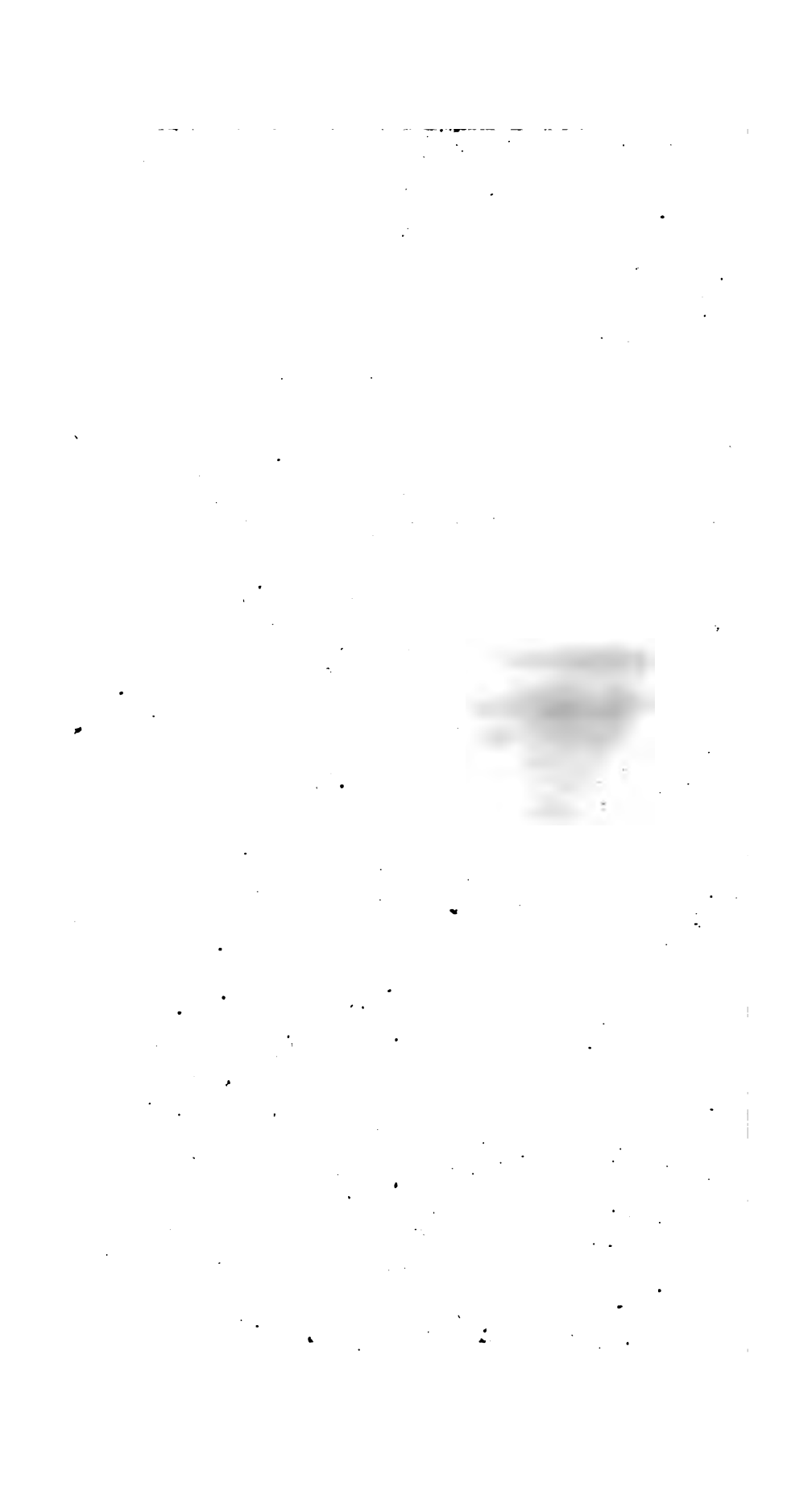
The remotest record of architectural splendour is found in the poems of Homer. The beauty of the palaces of his heroes is much the subject of admiration with those who visited them. But we may remark, that nothing of ornament or of proportion is mentioned: the materials, the brazen walls, and golden doors, and silver posts, with the smoothness and polish of the stones, engross the admiration of the poet. Very little mention is made of temples. In these palaces, columns and beams are spoken of; and there is some intimation that the roofs were sometimes pointed, though more generally of their being flat. The apartments surrounded a court; and mention is made of porticos, in which strangers were lodged. It is nowhere said, the columns were of stone. Had we more particulars of these buildings, it would afford no positive data for the progress of the art; the era of Homer being itself so uncertain. Wherever that progress commenced, it seemed to have attained its

ARCHITECTURE.

PLATE V

TUSCAN.





height in the time of Pericles, and under his protection to have left in Athens the finest specimens of architectural beauty the world has ever produced; and which, probably, it will never produce again.

The Orders as now executed, are five: the Tuscan, the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, and the Composite; which are distinguished from each other by the column, with its base and capital, and by the entablature. In describing each, we shall notice the origin ascribed to it; observing, at the same time, that no great reliance is to be placed on these traditions. Some writers are of opinion, that the names were ascribed to the different orders much later than their introduction.

The Tuscan order is generally placed first in architectural treatises; though there is no proof of its being of the greatest antiquity. Some have supposed it derived from the Doric, executed with more plainness. It is of all the orders the plainest and most simple, the general character being of strength, rather than elegance. There is no history of this order, nor are there any regular examples of it in the remains of antiquity. The name was evidently derived from Tuscany, where it was first made use of. Vitruvius says, the ancient Tuscan temples had the Architrave of wood. Trajan's pillar, at Rome, is considered to be a specimen of this order; but rather differing from the regular standard of proportion, and more ornamented. The proportions in architecture are expressed in Diameters; the diameter, that is, of the column at its base: or in Modules, which is the half of the diameter. Thus the Tuscan Column is said to be seven Diameters, or fourteen Modules in height; meaning that the height is seven times the diameter of the lower end of the Shaft. The Capital is one Module; the whole Entablature, including the Architrave, Frieze, and Cornice, three Modules and a half; and the base, one Module, *Plate 5*.—In this and all the Orders, there is some variation of the proportions.

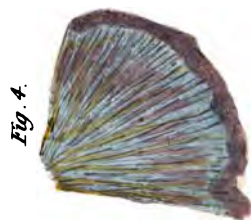
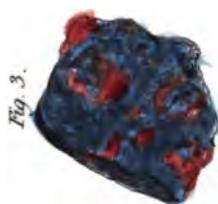
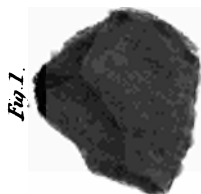
The Tuscan is generally used for gateways, or where simplicity and strength are to be expressed.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

CONVERSATION XXIV.

Chalk—Flint—Chalcedony—Pyrites—Astrea.

MRS. L.—We have now reached the Chalk Strata, of which you have several times inquired. Chalk is, as you are doubtless aware, a kind of Limestone, so well distinguished from every other by its texture and whiteness, as to need no description. “In England it is a very abundant formation; and the round-backed hills, covered with verdure, which mark the eastern counties, are very characteristic of it. Salisbury Plain and Marlborough Downs form a centre whence the Chalk emanates in a north-eastern direction, through the counties of Buckingham, Bedford, and Cambridge; and terminates on the Norfolk coast. In an easterly direction it traverses Hampshire, Surry, and Kent, and terminates at Dover; and another arm passing through Sussex, east-south-east, forms the South Downs, and the lofty promontory of Beachy Head. Parallel ridges of Sandstone generally accompany the Chalk, and in Wiltshire, Berkshire, and some other counties, large blocks of granular, siliceous Sandstone, lie scattered upon its surface—of these the celebrated Druidical relics, called Stonehenge, appear to have been constructed, with the exception of one of the blocks, which is of Greenstone. The lower beds of Chalk are generally argillaceous, or marly, and contain no flints and few organic remains. The upper beds abound in fossil relics of different kinds; and in flints, sometimes regularly arranged in distinct nodules, at other times remarkably intersecting the Chalk in thin seams. In the south of England the





the head has been severed from the trunk ; the amputate head of a rattlesnake has been even known to bite a considerable time after its separation.

And not only are the energy and permanence of vital forces evident in individual amputated parts the body at large : a land tortoise has been known six months without its brain, and that without apparent suffering than the loss of sight ; a deprived of the heart have survived and preserved of their limbs for thirty-six hours without its putrefaction does not immediately prove fatal

ANNA.—But how can they breathe ?

PAPA.—It is a peculiar characteristic of their life is not dependent on regular respiration they can suspend it at pleasure with impunity. Tortoises have been known to live months with their jaws tightly tied and their nostrils plugged with wax ; and I believe there are many instances of toads being found in the hollow trunks of trees and even in rocks and stones, where of course they are excluded from air. They have been found alive for hours under the pump.

HENRY.—Their breath remains under the water.

PAPA.—Certainly. In the manner in which the gill apparatus is a functional enlargement of the mouth like part of the mouth receives the air and swallows it much. If its mouth were closed but would not breathing is impossible in chelonians.

ANNA.—

our ignorance, helplessness, and corruption. Paul had regard to this necessity of our condition, when he told us to pray without ceasing. He knew that in the ordinary occupations of life, we could not go on securely or successfully without perpetual reference and appeal to Heaven; and as he saw no moment of suspension to our need, so he would have none to our prayers. If this be true in the ordinary occupations of our secular estate, much more it is true in an employment that immediately concerns our spiritual and eternal welfare, an occupation so serious and important as that we speak of.

First, we cannot understand the text without divine assistance. Sin has besotted our intellect, and where the things of God are concerned, bereft us of all natural understanding. We can apprehend nothing without help. Then, if we do understand the word, and apprehend the meaning, it is of no use to us—we cannot fulfil its precepts, grow better by its influence, be comforted by its promises, or take possession of its treasures, unless God will interpose his power for that purpose. Incessant, momentary appeal, therefore, should be made to Heaven as we proceed. We have understood ourselves to be come more immediately into his presence—we have called upon him to be a party, as it were, to our study of his word—he is at hand to answer and to hear. His gracious attention is fixed on the secret movements of our heart. There is no need to use any words—that might interrupt our meditative reading—the passing thought, the hasty aspiration is sufficient. O God, grant me this! make me this! be this to me! confirm, avert, prevent, direct, bestow!—assents, confessions, praises—All these, with the rapidity of thought, have to pass between the soul and God, while the eye peruses, and the spirit meditates his word, if with any efficiency whatever we would study it. I know not, whether those who complain of so little benefit derived from their periodical reading, and so little enjoyment in it, have been in the habit of neglecting this necessary accompaniment of

without any such deep-felt concern as must force their hearts to prayer.—It can but confirm the spirit's stupor. And instead of it, task themselves, if at first it must be a task, to this meditative, prayerful reading of small portions of the Scriptures daily; till their insensible and careless bosoms shall be by degrees accustomed to feel and to desire while they read.

It is my intention, in the ensuing Sections, to offer some assistance to the inexperienced in this manner of perusing the different parts of the Bible: a plan, however, which I pursue with much doubtfulness; while I see the purpose to be useful, feeling in no way assured that I can usefully accomplish it.

THE GLEANER.—No. II.

Thus through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,
The light soft dropping on the silent tide;
Thus, 'till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their airy flight,
Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers,
That scent the vineyard in those purple hours.—ROGERS.

NOTRE conscience est un trésor qui est le don de Dieu, et il ne depend pas de nous, ainsi nous devons le conserver avec soin et dans la pureté.

MDE. DE STAEL.

Il n'est aucun pays sur la terre qui ne soit digne de la justice.

IBID.

Religion is to the human heart what the olive branch was to the inhabitants of the ark—the only thing amongst the beautiful, but deceitful waters—the only thing on which the eye could rest—the only thing which spoke of future peace, happiness, and security.

ANON.

THE BIRD OF NIGHT.

I've heard that voice when early morn
In all its splendour shone,
And every thing was renovant
With beauty of its own.

The sunbeam bright upon the herb,
The fresh bud on the trees—
The silver flower was on the thorn,
Its perfume on the breeze—

And every timid bird beside
Could find a song withal,
So sweet, so gay—but still thy song
Was sweetest of them all.

I've heard it at the dead of night,
When all was silent round,
Save the heavy rain-drop as it beat
Upon the cold, cold ground.

When every note of mirth had ceased,
And all in darkness lay—
And sweeter seem'd its musick then
Than it had been by day.

Jesus, I've heard thy name, thy voice
Amid the purest flow
Of calm and innocent delight
That earthly bosoms know.

And welcome above every sound,
Sweeter than every name,
The musick of thy whisper'd love
Upon the memory came.

But now, 'tis now that other hopes
In voiceless silence lie,
And every chord of joy beside
Has ceased its minstrelsy ;

Sweeter in sorrow than in joy,
Thyself my only bliss—
O how does it delight me now
To listen to thy voice !

had a dumb child ; who, having been lost in the woods in 1723, returned home again ; but on his father's second marriage, was driven out again by his step-mother. Dr. Arbuthnot soon found out, that no brilliant discoveries in psychology or antropology could be expected from the care of this poor idiot : he was therefore placed with a farmer in Hertfordshire, where he continued to live till 1785. Peter was of middle size, somewhat robust in appearance, and strong. He could not be taught to speak ; had a taste for musick, and would hum over various airs he had often heard ; when an instrumental performance took place, he would jump with delight till quite tired. He was never seen to laugh. Such was this representative of unsophisticated human nature. Although Peter was little capable of filling that high station, his history affords a striking and useful caution, by exhibiting the uncertainty of human testimony and historical evidence. No two accounts agree in the year, season, and place of his discovery ; and the later printed histories contain serious narratives of George the First having found him in hunting : that it was necessary to cut down the tree, in the top of which he had taken refuge ; that his body was covered with hair, and that he ran on all fours ; that he jumped about trees like a squirrel, and knew how to get the bait out of traps set for wolves ; that he was carried over to England in an iron cage, learned to speak in nine months at the court of the queen, was baptized at the house of Dr. Arbuthnot, and soon after died, &c. &c.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

View of the World, from the Creation to the present Time, and an entirely New Art of Memory, &c.
Price 5s. 6d. London. Goodluck, 80, Cornhill.

THE cultivation of the memory is justly considered a

logical exactness, and would be benefited by any easy method that could be suggested to supply it readily. Many, though quite unable to remember dates by figures, have by the substitution of unintelligible words, been thus supplied in Grey's *Memoria Technica*: but others ask in vain, how they are to remember the *Memoria*—words without meaning to them are worse than figures. I think the little work before us presents one other chance: for according to the plan proposed in it, something like a meaning is given in the words, and a thought connected with the letters. For instance, those who for the date of the deluge have not sufficient memory of figures to retain 1656, nor of words to remember Del-petsau, which in Dr. Grey represents it, might, I think, be able to recall by its meaning, "All lost for blindness," the sentence that on this plan is made to represent the date. But the utility, as we have observed, of every such plan, must depend on the sort of incapacity it is to supply, and the point in which the memory is defective. To a memory universally deficient, it would of course be useless, because it could not be learned.

The Bible Advocate, &c. By the Rev. M. Seaman. Baldwin & Co., London. Price 4s.

THE name of this little work does not well designate its character. It appears to us rather an epitome of theological information, such as is perpetually required in the instruction of children, and not always at hand, even to the most able and experienced teachers. We can fully recommend it to be added to the school-room library, as a book of reference; and it may not be without use, as one of exercise.





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